JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 13. | SATURDAY, SEPT. 1st, 1906 | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

£5,000 FOR OUR READERS.

The success of JOHN BULL has been unique. Nothing like it has been known in modern journalism. It is the talk of the trade. The public wanted a change from namby-pamby rubbish, vulgar personalities, ponderous platitudes. The man in the street wanted an organ. JOHN BULL supplied that want.

There are still, however, certain people who, apparently, have not heard of our paper. Otherwise, of course, they would buy it. In fact, they would not be happy till they got it. This state of things must be remedied. How is it to be done? There is but one way—advertising. Now, advertising costs money, whatever method you adopt. Ask any society leader, or politician, or philanthropist. So we have set aside another

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

How shall we spend it? Here is an idea. We will, at Christmas next, distribute

ONE THOUSAND FIVE POUND NOTES

amongst the thousand readers who between now and then, in our opinion, render us the best service in pushing the sale of JOHN BULL.

Will you have a try for one? "Yes," you say, "but what am I to do?" We will tell you. Look around and think. Are you in an office or a factory? Well, what about the chap next to you, and the one in front, and the other one, over there! Just say to him, very quietly and sweetly,

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

And when you go to lunch or dinner, just take the paper out of your pocket, carelessly exposing the title, chuckle over the "Bulls' Eyes," or the "Open Post-Cards," or some other feature, and then, addressing the company generally, ask

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

Look at that individual, standing at the corner of the street, and that one, waiting for a 'bus, and that other one, in the corner of the car.
Put the question to him,

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

Then, there is the local newsagent. Ask him about the paper. Ask him to push it for all he is worth. And the bookstall clerk. Ask him to oblige you by placing it in front. Tell him it means a fiver to you. Don't, of course, attempt to bribe him. Simply say you are not greedy or selfish.

Again, when friends come to tea, or you visit them, don't waste time talking about the weather, but come at once to the point—

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

Then read them a bit from your copy—first warning them not to have any cake in their mouths, for fear of choking, as the jokes are trotted out.

And when you write to your aunt or your uncle, your sister or brother, cousin or sweetheart, just put a "P.S." at the end—

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

And when the rate collector, or the landlord, or the gas-meter man calls, or the postman, or the dustman, or even the cat's meat man—always the same old question,

"Have You Read 'John Bull' ?"

Of course, in all these cases, you will follow up by telling what a ripping paper it is; how long the week seems till it comes round—and anything else that occurs to you at the moment.

Don't be disheartened if now and then you get—a rude reply. Remember the story of the young man who told a friend that whenever he found himself alone with a pretty girl, he asked her to let him kiss her. "Surely," said his friend, "you must get a lot of rebuffs?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "but I also get a lot of kissing."

Now go ahead and see what you can do for us.

"But what about that Five Pound Note?" you say. Yes, we had almost forgotten to tell you.

HERE IS OUR SCHEME.

BETWEEN NOW AND TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, YOU MUST LET US KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING FOR US. REPORT TO US AS OFTEN AS EVER YOU LIKE. WE WILL SEND YOU FORMS AND ENVELOPES FOR THE PURPOSE, IF YOU ASK US FOR THEM. BUT YOU NEED NOT USE THEM. ORDINARY LETTERS WILL DO. WE SHALL CAREFULLY NOTE WHAT YOU SAY, AND SHALL ALSO BE HAPPY TO CONSIDER ANY SUGGESTIONS YOU MAY MAKE.

On MONDAY, DECEMBER 24th,
ONE THOUSAND FIVE-POUND NOTES

will be distributed equally amongst the one thousand readers who, in our opinion, have rendered us the best service. Of course, the main test will be the obtaining of new readers. You get them—and we will keep them. But we are aware that, in many cases, it may be impracticable to actually trace the result of your efforts. That, however, need not dismay you. We will judge of your work, FAIRLY AND GENEROUSLY.

We need not enlarge upon the scores of things which a FIVE POUND NOTE at Christmas time will do. Each reader will work that out for himself. The bank notes will be sent by registered post, the number of each note being carefully taken. They will arrive by first post on the morning of Monday, December 24th—Christmas Eve.

BUT NO REPORT WILL BE CONSIDERED WHICH ARRIVES AFTER TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18TH.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS RESPECTING THIS SCHEME MUST BE ADDRESSED TO

The Secretary,
John Bull, Ltd.,
Finsbury House,
London, E.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.

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NOTICES, &c.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Greenberg & Co., Ltd., of 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., who will in future conduct all advertising business connected with this Journal, and to whom advertisers desiring spaces must apply for all particulars.

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FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION — — — 8s. 8d.
SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

All communications to be addressed to the Publisher, JOHN BULL, 186, *Fleet Street, London, E.C.*

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AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

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EXCELLENT CATERING AT STRICTLY MODERATE TARIFF;
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BUCK UP! and Read "Bright and Profitable POINTERS to SUCCESS," by B.I.Z. 'HINTS'
Published at 2/6.

"JOHN BULL" Aug. 18, says:—
"'HINTS,' Published at 2/6, is calculated to save a large number of half-crowns to any purchaser who acts on it."

"HINTS" WILL HELP YOU TO SUCCESS.

"HINTS" Publishing Office, Savoy House, Strand, W.C.

JOHN BULL'S BISCUITS.

AWARD NO. 29.

The following extraordinary "Bull's Eye" appeared in our last issue: "On Bank Holiday at Blackpool there was a bishop preaching at each end of the town. Awfully jolly, don't you know! But how greedy to fish for soles in a little Blackpork pies are 'inadvisable food in hot weather.' We may"

OUR PRINTERS' READER therefore
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 30.

Messrs. WARING & GILLOW have added to their other claims to fame by advertising for a "Gentlemanly youth, aged about 25." Waring and Gillow therefore
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 31.

For rescuing, by means of his fishing tackle, a pony (with a trap attached to it) from drowning,

DR. ORR (of Huddersfield)
TAKES THE BISCUIT, and

For telling the story, with full details, together with several others of a similar character,

THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY MAIL" also
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

It was with intense satisfaction that we received the official intimation of the Home Secretary's decision to release Hugh Watt at an early date. Ever since his conviction—which, on the evidence, was not justified—and the judge's brutal sentence—which was the only crime the case established—we have never ceased, in and out of Parliament, to urge the appeal to the Royal Prerogative. We knew that Mr. Gladstone was handicapped by the pig-headed obstinacy of a bigoted and puritanical judge—a man who was utterly unfit to preside over such a trial, and whose personal views upon social and religious subjects had more to do with the sentence than any question of Mr. Watt's guilt or innocence of the offence with which he was charged. But Public Opinion, which is the Supreme Court of Appeal, has prevailed, and "Phillimorality" has received a much-needed check. We are proud to have been in some degree instrumental in the matter.

A boy of fourteen has been summoned at Tenby for walking to the beach by a private pathway, clad in a dressing gown over a bathing suit. The local council and the other old ladies have apparently been grievously shocked at this outrage on the morals of the community, and the naughty boy will doubtless have been sent into dungeons deep for fourteen days, or been made sore afraid with a birch, by the time these lines appear in print. Such gross improprieties must be punished with the utmost rigour of the law, or one of these days somebody will be going down to the beach clad in a four-wheeler and a box of hair-pins.

It cannot be too plainly understood that England is not France, or Belgium, or Germany, and that Tenby is not Trouville, Granville, St. Malo, or Ostend, or any other such uncivilised town. In those places it is the custom for ladies to pitch their bathing tents as far

as possible from the sad sea waves, and having attired themselves in all their beauty, which is sometimes striped and sometimes ethereal blue or blush rose, they step out gracefully through the concourse, accompanied, probably, by the Colonel of the regiment, in a uniform in which he never appears on parade at the bugle call. Everybody looks and nobody worries, and if Mrs. Grundy reported the spectacle to the Commissionaire of police, he would in all probability immediately arrest her umbrella. We do not desire unduly to interfere with the Early Fathers of Tenby, but we suggest that any man, woman, or child caught paddling with bare feet should be locked up, fined, and bound over to keep the peace—in order that visitors may know that this is a Christian country.

As the *Times* is one of the more educational treatises, it is like speaking disrespectfully of the equator to suggest the possibility of one of its leader writers being in error. "The necessaries of life," was its dictum a few days ago, "can be bought for £2,000 a year." We are afraid that the *Thunderer* is becoming too democratic. Fancy trying to live on £2,000 a year! Of course, we know this is not supposed to include any luxuries, but surely it is cutting things a bit fine. What does John Ward, M.P., think? Was it Cobden who said that "wealth does not consist in the extent of a man's possessions, but in the fewness of his wants"?

We should not like to go as far as to say that Captain Adair and Lieutenant Dathan, of the "Montagu," are the scapegoats of the Admiralty, but it is probable that if the battleship had been salved the Court Martial's sentences would have been lighter. The Admiralty should have been court-martialled as well as the Captain and the Lientenant. The decision of the authorities was that the salving of the "Montagu" was possible. To that end they spent £100,000 on preparations of one kind or another, and then suddenly abandoned them without a trial. Why? A court martial would have thrown some dry light on that question.

Here is an ugly scandal from Spain. For the past five years a distinguished Spanish scholar—Francisco Ferrer Guardia—has been conducting, with brilliant success, a "Modern School," upon a purely secular, scientific basis; a former pupil having bequeathed a sum of £10,000 for that purpose. Naturally the clerics have looked upon this institution (through which two thousand scholars have already passed) with strong disfavour, and now their opportunity has come. It appears that the mad Anarchist, Morral, who attempted to murder the young King and Queen on their wedding day, had been connected as a translator, or in some such capacity, with the publishing department of the "Modern School," and that he had recently applied for a position as one of its masters. Upon the arrest of Morral, Senor Ferrer (who is known both in Spain and France as a man of inflexible honour) thought it his duty to communicate these facts to the police. There is not a suggestion that Ferrer had the remotest sympathy with the outrage, or that he entertained any Anarchist sentiments; and the information he gave was volunteered purely from a sense of duty. What is the result? Ferrer is arrested; his property, together with all the funds of the school, confiscated—the institution is disbanded, and *but for the protest of a section of the Press*, both Spanish and French, Ferrer was to have been *court-martialled*. This iniquity has, however, been frustrated, and a trial by jury is to be substituted. We await the result with anxiety, and with trepidation. Jury packing is not unknown in Spain—and the power of the clerics is supreme. Are we to have a Spanish Dreyfus? Is the Inquisition to be revived? The *Manchester Guardian*, to its glory, has already uttered its powerful protest. John Bull is proud to add his humble voice.

Why is it that a Minister, when in charge of a Bill affecting the individual rights and liberties of a large section of the population, almost invariably refuses to receive a deputation representing those whose every-day life would be interfered with most in the event of the Bill becoming the law of the land, while at the same time he will interview and listen to the irresponsible chatter of fanatical cliques who imagine that the safety of the universe depends on their nostrums being forced upon the community at large? Thus, on almost any social subject, the Home Secretary will receive with open arms a deputation of bishops and churchmen—who may know nothing whatever of the matter—whilst he refuses to interview representative men possessing expert knowledge.

The same sort of policy was pursued by Sir William Harcourt when the Local Veto Bill was adopted as a Government measure. Sir William received without murmur a deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance, who assured him that the company was entirely in sympathy with that measure. He refused to interview representative working men, who would feel the hardship of such legislation, and who could have proved to him what he shortly afterwards learnt—that the adoption of the measure would wreck the Liberal party; and Sir William was one of the first to be sent to the right-about by his former Derby supporters.

It is an equally curious fact that when any kind of faddist legislation is threatened, the opinions of those who know nothing about it are eagerly canvassed by the puritanical press. Thus when it was tried to make the employment of barmaids illegal the dear old *Daily News* eagerly sought out Mrs. Ormiston Chant, and published column after column of her views on the subject. Considering that is was Mrs. Chant's boast that she had never been in a public-house in her life, it is difficult to see what value attached to her opinion.

Mr. Burns might try this little problem in arithmetic: If there are 7,500,000 colonies of bacteria in one gramme of a white flock pillow, how many colonies are there in the whole pillow? Whatever the number, Dr. Leo Taylor says they are dangerous to the health of the poor, and we can believe him. We certainly should not like to sleep with many grammes of the kind ourselves. No doubt the President of the Local Government Board has a similar hygienic preference. Even if it be a standing principle of business in his department that a certain number of bacteria are good for the poor, just as a certain number of fleas are said to be good for a dog, a serious effort should be made to protect them from abnormal numbers. Flock manufacturers should be compelled to make the bedding of the people a degree or two superior to ordinary sewage.

One serious aspect of the sensational decision of the Court of Appeal in regard to the Education Bill of 1902 is that concerned with the Parliamentary draughtsmen. It is an extraordinary fact surely that the obvious intention of Parliament—we speak apart from any controversial political question—should be frustrated by what must be regarded as gross carelessness or gross incompetency on the part of the men employed to give legal effect to the behests of a Parliamentary majority. If any one Bill can be bungled in this way, then any other Bill can be bungled in a similar way; and a measure, say, intended to provide free whisky for the masses, may eventually be discovered by the Court of Appeal to provide only free beer. This is a calamity which cannot be regarded with equanimity. And what were the lawyer M.P.'s doing when the Bill was passed? Probably they were busy in Court.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

The dissenting judge in the case was Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, who once had the honour of representing our constituency of Hackney. The Master of the Rolls, a brave, outspoken judge, of profound legal knowledge and unrivalled legal acumen, who delivered the weighty decision, in which Lord Justice Farwell agreed, not long ago decided against his learned brother Moulton, in some litigation in which said learned brother was concerned with his step-daughters. The Master of the Rolls makes few mistakes, and Lord Justice Moulton is always cocksure. This makes the situation rather piquant, in view of what may happen if the case is taken to the House of Lords. The authority of Sir Henn Collins is infinitely greater among the Law Lords than that of Lord Justice Moulton, and after the elaborate analysis of his lordship, we shall be much surprised if the Lords disturb the decision. But "you never can tell."

Worcester is one of the places which has adopted a special bye-law against street-betting. And we learn, from the evidence of the Worcester Election Commission, that betting is now done over the telephone and by correspondence, and in a variety of other ways (of course, on the pernicious credit system, which induces a man to "plunge," in the vain hope of recovering his losings before settling day); that there have been prosecutions of people taking bets from women and boys; that professional betting men are very prevalent, and that "the leading lights of Worcester are all betting people. Not a very good argument for the Street Betting Bill.

One of the papers has originated a discussion on the question whether, as a people, we are growing less religious. That we are becoming less theological and less churchy there can be no doubt whatever, but the essential religiousness of the nation is probably deeper and wider to-day than ever. The pulpiteers are no longer regarded as being specially inspired. They differ from each other so cordially, their evangels are so lamentably inharmonious, and their theological quarrels so naked and unashamed, that the man and woman in the street have ceased to recognise their right to preach the Way, the Truth, and the Life to them. Religion is not a set of formulæ, or any one of any number of interpretations of a book. It is not a creed, but a Life. We do not know that the lives of the clergy, from whatever aspect viewed, present such a high-set contrast to those of ordinary people as to justify them in assuming the rôle of the mentor. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"; and if a man cannot find it in his own way, we have small faith of any pulpiteer being able to find it for him.

The Bethnal Green Coroner told a mother at an inquest on her infant the other day that to feed an eleven weeks baby on biscuits, as she had done, was to invite Providence to kill it. Half the mothers in this country are utterly uneducated to motherhood. They do not know what to do with babies when they get them, and the result is that thousands of lucky little mites find a home in a fairer world than this. The infant mortality is terrible, and such common diet as biscuits, pickles, tastes of beer, nips of cheese, fried fish and potatoes, explains it. There is no doubt whatever that thousands of infants could be saved to the nation if they were properly fed and cared for. Here is work for the suffragettes. MRS. BULL has something to say on the subject in another column.

We have before us a copy of *The Two Worlds* for August 10th. It is described as "A journal devoted to the Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism, Religion and Reform." It is published at one penny, by "The Two Worlds Publishing Co., 18, Corporation Street, Manchester"—and this issue is "No. 978—vol. xix." We have had no time—or inclination—to wade through its literary contents, but if they are in keeping with its advertisement pages, the Editor and proprietors ought to be sent, without a moment's delay, to join "The Swami" and her confederate in gaol. A whole page advertisement announces, "I have received from the spirit world a preparation that has taken the spirit people three years to prepare. By rubbing a little between the palms of the hands when sitting for development, will cause a strong, magnetic power to flow, making it much easier for the spirits to get into the condition of the medium. Price, 2s. per packet." Another advertisement is headed, "A blessing from God and holy Tonga," and it says: "The greatest scientific discovery of a century has just been made in Tropical Polynesia, on the Island of Tonga Tabu, or holy Tonga." It consists of a secret preparation "known to the natives for years, possessing marvellous influence on the human system." It is "a cell irritant, that quickly fills the blood and system with giant cells . . . and creates prodigious nerve power and vital force . . . For the salvation of weak, puny infants, it acts like magic, transforming them into veritable living rosebuds. . . It produces strong physiological action, . . . and imparts vigour, strength, and a pleasurable sensation to all parts and organs of the body," etc. Another advertisement refers to "Magnetic Healing, or Hindoo massage," on a "patent facile couch"; another offers a specially prepared cure for almost any complaint, after "careful consideration"—all that is required (in addition to the postal orders) being "a lock of hair, age and sex, and a brief description of disease." Or, if you are "troubled about marriage," you may send a sixpenny postal order for each question to "Jessy (the West End Favourite)" whose methods are "causing heated arguments in London circles"; or, there is a "Magnetic Healer," who tells you that "all patients are treated by his spirit guides." What do you think of it?

The latest silly-season topic after "Are We Becoming Less Religious?" and "Are We Too Squeamish?" is "Are Summer Girls Immodest?" The Rev. F. P. Durnford, Vicar of All Soul's Church, Hastings, says they are, and in the course of his attack upon them remarks:—

> There is no need to go into full details, but any one could see what he desired, by walking along the promenade by the sea at any time.

Somewhat quaintly put. Silly old Vicar. He had better wear blinkers.

The Government have discovered that Professor Ray Lankester, Director of the Natural History Museum since 1898, and a man of distinguished scientific attainments, is too old at sixty, and they have therefore intimated that he will be required to accept the Order of the Sack as a reward for his national services. It does not follow that it does not matter who directs museums because we do not go to them very often. We may be found in a museum ourselves some day, and it seems only fitting that a man of high attainments should be employed to flick the dust off our case.

Absolute uniformity in the penalties exacted for similar transgressions of the law is not to be expected, but the following divergent estimates of the amount of punishment deserved by motor-'bus drivers surely carry the joke just a bit too far:—

WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT. (Mr. Curtis Bennett.)	MARLBOROUGH STREET POLICE COURT. (Mr. Kennedy.)
Driving on wrong side of refuge—£10 or a month.	Driving on wrong side of refuge—10s. and 12s. costs.
Similar case—£10 or a month.	Driving on off-side of Charing Cross Road, 10s. and 12s. costs.

Mr. Bennett and Mr. Kennedy should change courts.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

IN THE CITY.

Waring and Gillow, Limited.

We concluded an article on this concern last week by inviting Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co., the auditors, to explain to us whether, and if so, how their "requirements" as to the value of the investments of the company were met, for the law distinctly says that the auditors must sign a certificate—and Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co. did, in fact, sign one—that all their requirements as auditors had been complied with. We have not yet heard from them, and as they have delayed their explanation, we would ask them to include therein, when they furnish it, a statement as to why no profit and loss and trading accounts were submitted by the company, and what, in any case, their report on these non-produced accounts, which, according to law, they are compelled to examine, stated.

In the case of Lubbock *versus* the British Bank of South America Mr. Justice Chitty distinctly laid it down that what the directors of a company claimed as reserve and undivided profits "rightly goes to the profit and loss account." Let us put it in another way. Are the shareholders of this company never to know what its turnover has been, what its expenses for rent, management, and commission are, and of what its investments consist? The balance-sheet discloses nothing whatever under this head. It merely says this:

> "Our issued capital over debts amounts to so much. "Against these we have properties (apparently valued by "nobody) which, subject to mortgages (the amount of "which is not given) represent such and such a "sum. In addition, we have stocks (which someone—"name concealed—has valued at cost) and works in pro-"gress (as certified by our managers at the several "branches)—so much. We have also sundry debtor "balances (from which we have made what someone—"name concealed—considers a provision for doubtful "debts) so much; we have cash and investments (which "we lump together after deducting loans secured "thereon—amount not specified) so much, and we have "charged preliminary expenses in connection with the "debenture and share issues, so much.

We ask with confidence whether we are wrong in alleging that every asset so set forth by the company could not have been presented in a more unsatisfactory manner by a concern which was tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, and which went to any lengths to conceal the fact from its shareholders and the public. We do not now refer to the disquieting rumours concerning the position of Waring and Gillow which are circulating in commercial circles, for they may or may not be founded on fact, but the directors and auditors can hardly blame the trade rivals of the company from making the most of the weapons which have been placed in their hands by a balance-sheet every item of which, on the credit side, appears to conceal some fact which the directors refuse to lay before the shareholders.

The Position in Kaffirs.

South African markets, after a few weeks of excitement and rising prices, which have somewhat spoiled the ring of those highly-strung leaders that told a doleful story of "A Second Majuba," have experienced a setback. This is described as a "healthy reaction" among the optimistic souls of the Circus, and is attributed to "natural profit taking after a sharp advance," or to "disappointment among the professionals at the lack of public response," according to individual fancy. Two or three facts, however, stand out amid a good deal that is uncertain. These are that the public has not been buying; that a few House punters who expected active markets have bought a few hundred more shares than they will care to carry during a period of inaction; and that the big houses are leaving the market very much to its own devices. At the meeting of the Central Mining Corporation—the great "six millions trust"—the other day, Sir Julius Wernher quite cheerfully admitted that of the original capital two millions remains intact. This clearly means that the directors of this undertaking, who virtually represent the élite of the Kaffir market, did not regard prices as at bedrock a few weeks ago when the rise unexpectedly started. They will certainly not come in on an advancing market. There is no doubt that the industry is making some show of progress in its gross output figures, and that with the break up of the recent labour monopoly of the Chamber of Mines we shall hear less of the scarcity of native "boys." But when the position is carefully studied, when the investment value of individual shares is worked out, allowing for the probable annual *dividend* returns, and the redemption of capital at the end of estimated life, it will be found that there is no basis for such a whirling period of market excitement and rising values as would really whet the appetite of the outside public. Not until the administrative costs of the Rand Companies in Johannesburg and in London are materially reduced will the British shareholder have fair play, and a legitimate return on his capital. Abolish the duplicate directorates, and amalgamate neighbouring properties, and the Rand industry will have a chance. At present the mines are worked rather to provide directors' fees than to give a commensurate return to those whose money is at stake. Herein lies the canker that is at the root of South African stagnation; one of the reasons why it costs more to work with yellow labour on the Rand than with white labour in Western Australia, and in far-away Alaska.

A Mysterious Undertaking.

A good many people have never heard of Hudson's Consolidated, and the shares have no quotation. Yet apparently by the sheer financial cleverness of the directors it has been able to pay 16 per cent. in dividends since its incorporation in June, 1905. At the annual meeting, with such glowing accounts to present, one would have expected some detailed information as to the interests held. But all the chairman vouchsafed to the shareholders was that the company possesses assets both industrial and mining in nearly every part of the world, including an old-established manufacturing business in London, three rubber concerns, a mineral water manufactory in West Africa, 48,000 acres of agricultural land in East Africa, and a "proved" gold mine in Western Australia. If these complex assets are substantial why are no detailed particulars available? Where and what is the name of the old-established London business, and what is the name of the "proved" gold mine? Is the dividend, after all, merely a sprat to catch a mackerel? The urgent entreaty of a shareholder at the meeting last week to be allowed to participate in any new issue of capital suggests, if the answer to our last query be in the affirmative, that the bait is likely to be efficient.

What is a Bank?

"Anti-Humbug's" warning in a recent issue with regard to so-called Continental "bankers" who flood this country with circulars touting foreign lottery bonds at prices absurdly in excess of those quoted on the Paris Bourses has called forth comment in many quarters. Some correspondents remind us that English firms are exploiting the same class of business. This is not necessarily illegitimate as long as fair prices are charged. In this connection the *Daily Report* of the London and Paris Exchange observes:—

> "The United Kingdom and British Colonies are still "being deluged with gaudy and specious circulars sent "out by individuals affecting high-sounding names, "usually selected from the principal banking titles in "Lombard Street. The real names that these gentry "possess are in reality very commonplace."

True; but the reference to "high-sounding" banking titles comes with rather bad grace from Mr. Mande-

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

ville. His own assumption of the description, "general bankers," does not go well with "Marginal Industrials," and the like.

Great Fingall Consolidated.

We have previously referred to the discovery of ore worth 38s. per ton on the 13th level in this mine. The importance of it does not seem to be generally understood or appreciated. It is that this result of the immediately recent exploration work supports the assumption that the miners have entered upon an entirely new ore "lens." Assuming this assumption to be well founded, it alters the outlook altogether, seeing that the ore at No. 12 level was so diminished and poor that it had become practically worthless. The actual information received is as follows:—

> In winze 200 ft. below 12th level the reef is 5 ft. 4 in. wide, worth 38s. per ton [driven 12 ft. north], and is 5 ft. wide, worth 32s. 6d. per ton [driven on 16 ft. south]. Crosscutting to footwall in the winze proved reef 11 ft. wide, worth 34s. per ton.

It is obviously too early to calculate what may be the added ore reserves at this moment being accumulated, but should history repeat itself—as has already been so in this old mine—it may be recollected that the main worked ore body in the upper levels had a horizontal run of 900 ft. (N. and S.). The ore reserves of this mine were reported at April 24 last as being 753,042 tons, or more than three years' supply at present rate of milling, with 100 stamps, the estimated profit from which is £1,000,000. Present output yields £45,000 monthly, and the quarterly dividends of 5s.—that is to say, £1 per year per share—would appear to be assured for some time to come.

The Provident Association of London.

In accordance with our undertaking of a fortnight ago we refer to certain letters we have received from readers who traverse our statements that the Provident Association of London is financially strong, and that it is well managed, which means, amongst other things, honestly managed. We see nothing in the statements of our correspondents to lead us to modify our opinion. As to whether a man is wise in taking out a Bond upon which he has to make an annual payment for 30 years before he reaps the promised benefits we say nothing. It is beside the point. No one who takes out a Provident Bond can be in any doubt as to the time it runs. If he chooses to take out a Bond that does not mature for 30 years, that is his business. All he has the right to ask is that the conditions of the Bond shall be fulfilled, and that those conditions shall not be hidden, or obscure in any way. Now, none of our correspondents assert that the conditions of the Bond are not fulfilled. Their complaint is that it runs for 30 years, and that long before the expiration of that long period they, or those for whom they speak, have had to realise for what it would fetch because they could not keep up the payments. Well, as to that, the papers issued by the Association state plainly what will be given for a Bond after it has been running five years. They state equally plainly that nothing will be given for the Bond in way of surrender value until it has run five years. Our correspondents say that what is offered is altogether insufficient, but the only question for them, and for us, and for the public, is whether what is offered is what was promised. As to that, there is no difference of opinion.

Then one correspondent complains that he does not get a Bond, but only a certificate. But if he will turn to page 18 of what is called the Prospectus of the Provident Association, he will find full explanation. The certificate contains on the face of it the statements:—

> (1) That it may be exchanged at any time for a Bond for the same amount upon payment of the stamp duty, which is at the rate of 2s. 6d. per £100.
>
> (2) That until the Bond is issued the holder of the Certificate shall be entitled to all rights set out in the Certificate.

The Certificate-holder has full notice of the terms of the contract, and is entitled to all such benefits of such contract, whether he holds a Certificate or a Bond. If a person taking out a Bond does not take the trouble to read the papers supplied to him, and which deal in the fullest and clearest way with the conditions under which the Association does business, that is the fault of nobody but himself, and it is idle for him afterwards to complain that the conditions are other than those he imagined them to be.

Our second statement was that the Association is financially strong, that is to say, that it does business on lines which enable it to meet its obligations, and that its present position is one of perfect solvency. As to that, we do not think it necessary to do more than refer any of our readers who question the statement to the report of the Parliamentary Committee recently sitting on Bond Investment Companies. At page 6 of this report, paragraph 18, there is the following reference to the Association:—

> "An actuarial valuation of the liability of the Company to its Bond-holders is made annually, and care is taken to keep funds at least equal to the amount of such liability invested in the names of trustees ready to meet such liability. We consider that this is a sound system."

We have now said all that we think it necessary to say in support of the statements to which exception has been taken. If at any time any person who has taken out a Bond of the Provident Association thinks he has been unfairly treated, and he will send us his papers, we will look into the matter, and if there has been wrong done him we will do our best to get it righted. But we cannot undertake to reply to complaints which have no substance in them, complaints such as that the Bond runs for thirty years, or that the surrender value is insufficient. These are points which the Bond-holder must be presumed to have considered before he had dealings with the Association, and if he omitted to consider them, he has only himself to blame.

INQUIRIES.

HOMESTEADS, LTD.—W. T. M. (Lewes).—A very sound, respectable institution.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—T. M. (Milford).—(1) We have no reason to suppose that they will treat you unfairly. (2) We regret that we cannot decipher the name of the company whose shares you ask us to give you an opinion upon.

PROVIDENT HOUSING ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—LEX (Oswestry).—You do not give us the points upon which you wish information. We are glad you like "JOHN BULL."

VARIOUS SHARES.—EVERETT (Buckie).—(1) All the shares you mention are of a very speculative character, and substantial rise in quotation is unlikely. (2) Of the three outside Brokers you name the first do by far the largest business. Our advice would be to have nothing to do with any of them.

POSITION OF BUILDING SOCIETY.—A. E. S. (Bristol).—You would run no risk in doing so.

BALLYCASTLE COLLIERIES.—J. W. (Manchester).—No doubt there will be a public issue. If not, we shall be pleased to give you the information mentioned if you will write us again.

LOTTERY IN SAXONY.—S. S. J. (Nottingham).—The State Lottery of Saxony is quite genuine, but the odds are much against your getting a prize if you take tickets. Somehow the prize numbers in these Continental lotteries seldom get into English hands.

VARIOUS SHARES.—ROUGH (Stockton-on-Tees).—(1) Sell for whatever you can get; we fear it will not be much. (2) Let us know the amount available, and we will give you the best advice in our power.

AN ASSURANCE COMPANY.—SUBSCRIBER (Farncombe).—The company was started some years ago by a member of the staff of a better known concern. It is not financially very strong.

AN AUSTRALIAN BANK.—D. D. O. (Falkirk).—We are inclined to advise you to let the deposit remain as suggested, in the hope of getting a better offer by-and-by.

IMPERIAL COLD STORAGE.—R. F. S. (Catford).—Better not be tempted by the low price.

YIELD UPON SHARES.—J. B. (Huddersfield).—At present prices, and on the basis of the two last dividends, you would get over 6 per cent. from Apollinaris, Bodega, Brunner Mond, City of London Brewery, Lipton, J. Lyons and Co., A. and F. Pears, Slater's, Weldon's, Welsbach Preference.

GARDEN CITY COMPANY.—W. T. M. (Lewes).—As you probably know, the company does not promise large dividends, but it should be able to pay 5 per cent. by-and-by. The present writer was at Letchworth not long ago, and was much pleased with the progress that was being made.

ALLIANCE MOTOR-BUS COMPANY.—SHAREHOLDER (Bath).—Notwithstanding the chairman's assurance that he is not "downhearted," the position of the company is, to say the least, an unpleasant one, with serious litigation pending, calls in arrear, heavy obligations, and the like. We hope Mr. Clutterbuck's forecast of the year's working will be justified, but it is doubtful.

HORDEN COLLIERIES.—F. N. (Stockton-on-Tees).—We agree that Lawson and Co.'s circular "looks rather suspicious." If the shares touch par we should sell.

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JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS.

The Hugh Watt Case.

On Thursday of last week Messrs. Michael Abrahams and Co. were informed by the Home Secretary that on December 22 next Mr. Hugh Watt will be released. We will not say that this decision is the most extraordinary ever arrived at by the Home Office, but it ranks among the strangest. For what are the facts? Mr. Hugh Watt, a man of the world, a person of fortune, in the vigour of life, one who had held his own amongst the shrewdest of City men, was charged with the attempted murder of his wife. Shrewd men, men of the world, men not in their dotage, have been arraigned before now on a similar charge, but surely none not imbecile was ever charged with attempted murder by means so puerile, so certain to be detected, so unlikely. Mr. Watt was supposed to have bribed two gutter scoundrels to do the job. They were to run Mrs. Watt down by a bicycle in the street, or strike her on the head at her hotel. The consultations between Mr. Watt and these men were said to have taken place in the open, and the sum to be paid for the murder was a trifling one. It was proved at the trial—it was not denied—that the men were blackmailers and perjurers. Their evidence had no support but that of a discredited private detective. It might have been thought that under these circumstances a jury would have had no hesitation in bringing in a verdict of acquittal. Unfortunately, the Judge, a narrow Churchman, biassed against the prisoner by divorce proceedings in which he had played a part, summed up against him, and the jury, with the curious deference often paid by juries to Judges, however incompetent or prejudiced, found Mr. Watt guilty, and Mr. Justice Phillimore sentenced him to five years' imprisonment.

A Monstrous Decision.

It was felt not only by laymen, but by lawyers, that the sentence ought not to stand, that none would be safe if evidence such as convicted Mr. Watt was held to be sufficient to condemn. Moreover, immediately after the trial, facts came to light which deepened the mistrust of the verdict The result was communications to the Home Secretary, asking for inquiry, and submitting weighty reasons for the belief that there had been a miscarriage of justice. We do not hesitate to say that the facts submitted to Mr. Gladstone demonstrated that there had been a miscarriage of justice, and if that was so the only possible course open to the Home Secretary, if wrong was to be righted, was to order the immediate release of the prisoner. Instead, Mr. Gladstone has decided that Mr. Watt is to continue to work out his sentence until December 22, when he will have been in gaol a year, and on December 22, if he lives till then—they say his friends would not know him, he is so broken in health—he is to be released. Why released on December 22 and not on August 22, if he is to be released at all? Either he is innocent or guilty. If guilty, five years' imprisonment errs on the side of mercy. But Mr. Gladstone cannot think him guilty. So good a man would never set free, before his sentence was served, a miscreant who hired bravoes to assassinate the wife he himself was afraid to kill. The Home Secretary must be convinced of Mr. Watt's innocence. But if he is innocent he has been terribly wronged and deserves reparation, all the reparation possible where irreparable wrong has been done. Instead, he is to remain in gaol until December 22, until the anniversary of his conviction. We do not recall anything quite so childish. Mr. Adolf Beck was kept in gaol several years, but at least Mr. Gladstone's predecessor let him out once he had been forced to admit the injustice of his sentence. Sir Matthew White Ridley did not tell Mr. Beck he must wait for an anniversary, the anniversary of the day when it was brought home to him in a way never to be forgotten that he who stands in the dock cannot always count upon justice. It has been left to Mr. Herbert Gladstone, most disappointing of Home Secretaries, to decree this ludicrous travesty of justice.

A Point in Marriage Law.

We understand that immediately upon his release from gaol Mr. Watt will, for the second time, go through the marriage ceremony with the lady who was Lady Violet Beauchamp. They have been married once, but that was before the whilom Mrs. Watt had applied to have the decree *nisi* made absolute. Mr. Watt contended that once the decree *nisi* was granted he was free to marry again, but there can be little or no doubt that this is an erroneous interpretation of the law. Whether the law might not be advantageously amended, so that with the granting of the decree *nisi* the legal severance would be complete, is another matter. It is obvious that the existing law places a powerful lever in the hands of a vindictive woman, and may delay, or bar, redress to the injured. A woman not wanting to marry again can, by declining to apply to have the decree *nisi* made absolute, prevent her late husband from re-marrying, and in this way great injustice may conceivably be done to a third party. In the case under discussion this difficulty has now been removed, and the second marriage ceremony will leave no room for question as to the status of the parties.

The Welsh Church Commission.

We were always a little sceptical about the Welsh Church Commission sitting in the Long Vacation, and now it is stated on authority that it will not commence its sittings until after October 24th, when it will, it seems, assemble two days a week in the Commission House in Deans Yard. On these days the second Court of Appeal, over which Lord Justice Williams presides, will take interlocutory matters which can be disposed of by two Lords Justices. In this way there will be less interference with Appellate work than would otherwise be the case, but if the Commission sits only twice a week it must be many months before it has finished its work. It seems a great mistake to interfere with the work of Appeal Court No. 2 at a time when the hearing of appeals is so greatly in arrear. Assuming he keeps his own observations within bounds, Lord Justice Vaughan Williams will no doubt make an excellent chairman of the Commission, but not a better one than one of a dozen other public men who might have been chosen. Even when the two Courts of Appeal are constantly sitting they cannot prevent the list growing, and arrears will never be lessened if every now and then a Lord Justice is to be taken off for layman's work.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

A. S. (Notts).—You should have sent your notice by post, so that the landlord received it on the Monday.

Moxon (Goring).—The goods were removed by leave of the landlord. He has lost his right of distress, but can sue for the arrears.

Gregory (Fishguard).—Apply to the local Building Society for a loan. There will be the surveyor's and solicitor's charges to pay.

Dodson (Camberley).—The footpath can be diverted. There are formalities to be complied with and an application to Quarter Sessions.

Owen (Herne Bay).—See the bank manager. It is usual to advance the sum necessary to pay the duty, the executors opening the account.

Craigie (Leamington).—The wife was without doubt the agent of the husband in ordering the goods for the house, and he is liable to you.

Curtis (Stamford).—The surviving executor will prove the will. A new trustee can be appointed to act with him to carry out the trusts of the will.

Doyle (Teddington).—How can you blame your broker under the circumstances. The result of an action could only be in his favour. Don't bring it.

Pawson (Amsterdam).—Get a scheme for the infant's maintenance and education fixed by the Court. This can be done on an originating summons.

Arnold (Dolgelley).—If the insurance was induced by misrepresentation you can get the policy set aside and recover the premiums paid with interest.

Strong (Totnes).—The whole amount cannot at present be sued for, only the overdue instalments. It would be wiser not to wait but proceed at once for those overdue.

Voss (Cardiff).—We have gone through the papers you sent us. The case is a very hard one, but the law is against you, and we cannot advise you to resist the claim.

White (Dresden).—So far as conforming with the provisions of the Companies Act 1900, the company was entitled to proceed to business. You have no remedy as the law now stands.

Anxious (Devonport).—If you had paid the cheque in on the day you received it, the Bank would have been liable. It was your own delay in keeping it two days that led to its non-payment. You have no remedy.

M. S. (Aldershot).—The conviction of a husband for any such offence does not entitle the wife to a divorce—even though the conviction might involve penal servitude for life. Such is the state of our glorious law.

R. N. (Stoke).—Cases of interference with light and air are, as a rule, very costly. Try and come to some give-and-take arrangement with your neighbour. If this fails, you must apply for an injunction, but try and settle it first.

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OUR BANKRUPTCY LAWS.

III.

Discharge in Bankruptcy.

What is the difference between a bankrupt who has been discharged and one who has not? The popular idea is that the fact of a bankrupt remaining undischarged means that his conduct was so bad that he was deemed by the Court to be unfit to obtain the benefit of a discharge. In reality, it only means that a bankrupt without a discharge, has been unable or unwilling to "beg, borrow, or steal" the amount of blackmail levied under the name of "fees," or that he conscientiously objects to apply for any relief from what he deems to be his legal obligations, and consequently never applies for a discharge. It is well known that those who least deserve a discharge are those who are most anxious to obtain one, and who generally have no difficulty in procuring the necessary "fees."

Of the 20,000 bankrupts who have applied for a discharge under the present Act only 5 per cent. have been refused by the Court, so that out of nearly 100,000 debtors who have been adjudged bankrupt under this Act only 1,000 are really "undischarged" in the sense of the Court having refused a discharge by reason of their misconduct. What then are the advantages of a discharge, and what the disabilities from which a bankrupt is thereby relieved? Simply these:—

(1) Before the grant of a discharge any property acquired by or devolving on the bankrupt after the commencement of his bankruptcy legally vests in the trustee in his bankruptcy.

(2) Until a discharge is granted a bankrupt is precluded from obtaining credit for more than £20 without first disclosing his undischarged condition, under a penalty of 12 months' imprisonment.

A consideration of the foregoing facts leads to the conclusion that an alteration of the law is urgently needed by making it imperative upon every bankrupt to apply for discharge, and this reform can easily be effected by reverting to the old system, under which the Court fixed a day for such an application as a matter of course, and without saddling the bankrupt with the payment of impossible fees.

And the cases of the 75,000 bankrupts now remaining undischarged under the Act of 1883 must also be dealt with, and precedents for dealing with them will be found in the Bankruptcy Repeal and Insolvent Court Act of 1869, and the Bankrutpcy (Discharge and Closure) Act of 1887.

The consideration of the question of discharge cannot be deemed complete without alluding to an absurd provision introduced by the Board of Trade officials into the Amending Act of 1890, which limits the powers and discretion of the Court of Bankruptcy as regards the suspension of a bankrupt's discharge—a limitation of judicial discretion which is certainly most unusual on the part of the Legislature. It is very usual for Parliament to say what the *maximum* punishment for any offence shall be, but in this instance the Legislature lays down a *minimum* period of suspension, and says to the Court, "However trivial may be the technical offence, such as insufficient books of account, you must suspend the discharge for *not less than* two years." This enactment is on a par with that which says to creditors and the Court, "You shall not accept or sanction a composition of *less than* 7s. 6d. in the £." Both these absurd restrictions are condemned, and must go—and, in fact, as regards the "suspension" of an order of discharge, this should also go. In the old days of imprisonment for debt the "suspension of the certificate of conformity" meant that during such suspension the bankrupt was liable to be, and frequently was, kept in prison at the suit of some hostile creditor for the whole period of the suspension. But with the abolition of imprisonment for debt the suspension of a discharge is an anachronism. It would be much more beneficial to creditors if the Court, instead of being required to suspend a discharge, should have greater freedom in granting discharges subject to conditions touching future earnings or after acquired property—conditions which would be welcomed by the majority of bankrupts, who, while protected from being harassed by their creditors, would have an inducement to discharge their obligations to them should their future efforts prove successful or fortune smile on them in the shape of unexpected windfalls or legacies.

Blackmail by Abuse of the Process of the Court of Bankruptcy.

Theoretically the Bankruptcy Court is established for the purpose of securing the equitable distribution of the assets of an insolvent debtor amongst his creditors, and, if satisfied such debtor has made a full disclosure of his property and dealings, to relieve him from his liabilities by the grant of an order of discharge. But the process of the Court is flagrantly abused (especially in London) by a certain class of money-lending creditors and their sharp solicitors. In many cases when filing petitions in bankruptcy against debtors the last thing creditors of this class desire is what they ostensibly ask for—namely, a receiving order in bankruptcy. What they really want is to put the screw on their debtors and their debtors' friends to recover debts which they have been unable to get by the ordinary procedure provided by the law. It is another string to their bow for levying blackmail on a debtor's friends when they have exhausted the processes of executions, judgment summonses, and committal orders. It follows that on a petition coming on for hearing before the Registrar there is generally a little consultation in the lobby of the Court between the respective solicitors of creditor and debtor, and if the debtor can find £10 or £20 by pressure on friends or otherwise, the petitioners' solicitors will obligingly accept the amount "on account of their costs," and consent to an adjournment of the petition. On the adjourned hearing the same procedure takes place, and further adjournments are obtained until the patience of the Registrar or of the debtor's friends is exhausted, when the petition is probably dismissed, leaving the debtor still liable for the debt, and to the repetition of a similar process of blackmailing after the lapse of a few months by the issue of a fresh bankruptcy notice, and the presentation of another petition based on a fresh act of bankruptcy. It can be seen from the records of the London Bankruptcy Court that one stalwart debtor has had as many as 300 bankruptcy petitions presented against him under the Act of 1883, and yet on only one occasion has a receiving order been made against him. That was a slip. The creditor didn't want the order, the debtor didn't want it, and so the Court was speedily induced to rescind it. It is probable that these 300 petitions cost the debtor or his friends something like £20 each for "costs of petitioning creditors' solicitors" (including the £5 stamp on each petition), so that this debtor or his friends must have found £6,000, which went into the pockets of the solicitors and of the Court, and benefited neither the creditors nor the debtor.

Since the passing of the 1883 Act 34,000 bankruptcy petitions have been filed in the London Court alone, but *less than one half* of these have resulted in the making of receiving orders against the debtors, so that it may be assumed there have been no less than 17,000 of more or less blackmailing petitions filed in the High Court.

This abuse of the process of the Court should be promptly put an end to, but the question of "revenue" arises. When a petition is dismissed the £5 stamp thereon is not refunded, therefore the bankruptcy revenue has benefited to the extent of £85,000 by means of these 17,000 abortive petitions. Is it likely that the Board of Trade officials will voluntarily do anything towards stopping an abuse which has helped them to the extent of £85,000.

(To be continued.)

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THE ENGLISH TOLSTOI:
ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

By Frank Harris.

The discrepancy between our dreams and the realities of life has surely never been so great as in these latter days. This is, indeed, the birthmark and characteristic of the modern time: the contrast between our sordid and cruel life and the shining splendour of unfulfilled imaginings.

It was not so in the past; the civilisation of the ancient Greeks, for example, was very high. Lecky, indeed, and Curtius and others, tell us that we have never reached the intellectual and artistic level of the days of Pericles; but the Greek felt no harsh contrast between his dreams of perfect life and the reality about him. His civilisation was founded on slavery, and by this means the fifty thousand citizens of Athens were almost all raised above the pinch of want, and perhaps because the ordinary life of the citizen was so contentful and interesting his dreams and hopes were commonplace, as we can see in "The Republic" of Plato. For in this, as in all other human things, there is compensation.

Since the French Revolution the finer spirits have looked upon life as a sort of gaol; their powers and generosities have prevented them understanding, or even sympathising with the struggle for riches. For the most part they have lived "the life removed," as Shakespeare fondly called it; the man of science in his laboratory, the writer and artist in his study, unknown to the crowd and unnoticed. This freedom and aloofness of the dreamer and thinker have had unlooked-for consequences. As Goethe said, nothing is so propitious to genius as solitude; and so our great men have grown to full height. Left wholly to themselves and their meditations, the men of science have discovered strange things—like X-rays—which have widened the mental horizon beyond vision, and the artists have dreamed dreams of unexampled magnificence.

Like St. Francis, Tolstoi has brought into the world a sort of new birth of Christian feeling. He declaims against war, and writes novel after novel in praise of chastity; and though the politician sneers at his dreams of universal peace, and the man of the world scoffs at his ideal of poverty, yet there can be no doubt that he is the greatest spiritual force in Europe to-day, and will have a formative influence upon the lives of generations yet unborn.

Alfred Russel Wallace, the Naturalist.*

It has always seemed to me that Alfred Russel Wallace is a sort of English Tolstoi; indeed, I have always thought that it would have been more natural if the great man of letters had been born in England and the great apostle of modern science had been born in Russia. For literature is the chosen art of England, where educated Russians study science in every Continental university, and rather seem to despise literary achievements; but, as it is, the Russians have Tolstoi and we have Wallace. It may be worth while to study the mind of our English teacher and to see what his ideals are like.

Everyone knows, of course, that Alfred Russel Wallace was the first to set forth, if not to discover, the theory of natural selection as the Origin of Species which it is the glory of Darwin to have proved. As soon as the idea came to him he sent his paper on the subject to Darwin himself, and Darwin immediately acknowledged it, and sent it on to Lyell and others, with warm praise. I have a fancy that it is only the happy accident of his name that has given Darwin his pre-eminence over his rival. One could not say Wallacism or Wallacean; but one could say Darwinism and Darwinian, and so Darwin came to world-wide fame while Wallace remained comparatively unknown. But the time was ripe for the idea, and if neither Wallace nor Darwin had been born it must have been discovered in the nineteenth century, for Coleridge was preaching it in literature twenty years before Wallace was born; Herbert Spencer, too, had reached it in thought, and was engaged in giving the new theory its nomenclature. There is nothing nobler in the history of science than the way both Darwin and Wallace looked upon the other's achievement. Darwin always said that nothing could have been finer than Wallace's statement of natural selection, and Wallace wrote of the "Origin of Species" when it appeared as of another "Principia."

The Reformer.

Besides being a great naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace is perhaps the first reformer of his time in England. Living his retired life as a man of science, he has brought to the complex problems of sociology the same patient investigation, the same openness of mind, and the same high reasonableness, which have given him place among the greatest biologists. He was one of the first in England to advocate the nationalisation of the land. He never deluded himself, as Henry George did later, with the idea that if the land were nationalised all our social troubles would be at an end; but when the extravagant claims which George made for land nationalisation were disproved, Wallace still held to the belief that if the land in England were nationalised the greater part of the poverty and destitution in England would be done away with. It is difficult not to agree with him in this, and there can be no question as to the justice of the demand.

The English State only accords copyright to the thoughts or imaginations of a writer for forty years, though he interferes with no one, and his rights might be secured to himself and his descendants for ever without infringing upon the rights of any other man. In the case of an inventor, the English law is still harsher to the private person, or, rather, more mindful of the welfare of the State; it accords only fourteen years' property in any invention, which, after that time becomes public and universal. We have no objection to this, but surely the arguments against private property in land are far stronger than those against private property in a novel, or even in an invention. The land of England is limited in extent, and its possession gives powers to the individual which the individual should not possess. The State should, therefore, limit the private possession of land to the life of the present owners and their living heirs, and then resume possession of it in the interests of all. The State should then let the land to cultivators, and use the rent obtained for diminishing taxation. We should thereby get the people back to the land and diminish enormously the present burdens upon trade and commerce. This one reform would lift the life of the whole people to a higher level.

An Anti-Vaccinationist.

But this is only the chief of many reforms which Mr. Wallace preaches. Like Tolstoi, he would have no wars, and he goes further than Tolstoi in declaring that the State should not help the creditor to collect his debts. He does not believe in vaccination, and he has written a book against it, in which he shows how the doctors have misused statistics. But he does not confine his opposition to vaccination; in a recent letter he says: "I totally distrust and disbelieve in the whole doctrine of inoculation of serums for the prevention or cure of rabies, diphtheria, etc., which, even if it were proved that they did any good, would be most objectionable (1) from the unknown diseases and injuries they probably cause, and (2) by leading to the belief that we may neglect the fundamental causes of disease if we use a nostrum to guard against some of their effects."

The Professional Politician.

But neither the lawyer nor the doctor is so distrusted by him as the professional politician—whether Liberal or Conservative. He is convinced that the politician only seeks his own ends, and rarely, if ever, considers the interests of the country. Here we have now a great Liberal and Labour majority in Parliament, able to carry Land Nationalisation, or any other real reform, and the power of it and the virtue of it are being absolutely wasted by the Liberal politician, by the Campbell-Bannermans and the Asquiths and the rest, in a ridiculous attack upon the Education of the Church of England. Of course, one recognises that the Church of England has very little, if anything, more to do with religion than with sanitation; it is chiefly a political body, organised by the "haves" in their own self-interest against the "have-nots." But that is no reason why we should help the Nonconformists to attack it. Let the sects wrangle as they please; the "Condition-of-England" question, as Carlyle said, is the only question worthy of study at this time, and that is the one question which the professional politician does not show himself inclined to approach.

Utopia.

It is this Utopia of Wallace and other thinkers which is yet going to change and transform the conditions of English life. I should not be at all surprised if Wallace, in preaching Land Nationalisation as the most important and the first of all reforms, were not justified fully by events. At any rate, whatever may be said about the reforms he supports, the spirit in which he approaches the problems is the true and living spirit. He believes that a man's soul is to the future set by invisible springs, and that in the future we shall yet realise that golden age which the poets have put in the far backward of time and childhood of humanity.

* "My Life": By A. R. Wallace (Chapman and Hall).

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—See Page 2 of Cover.

Alfred Russel Wallace, the Man.

Naturally enough I sent this paper of mine to Mr. Wallace, in order to obtain his permission to use some phrases condemning the modern medical use of injected serums back the article with marginal notes, and with a letter. As begged him at the same time to make any corrections in matters of fact, adding, of course, that the opinions were my own. Mr. Wallace has written to me in reply, sending me back the article with marginal notes, and with a letter As may easily be imagined, his comments are more important than my article. First of all, he will not have it that he "was the first to set forth, if not to discover, the theory of natural selection"; in a marginal note he observes, "Darwin discovered Natural Selection twenty years before I did." Now, that may be true, or rather is, of course, true, as Mr. Wallace asserts it; but still my phrase may stand: I say that Mr. Wallace was the first to set forth, if not to discover, the theory, and in so far as the setting forth is concerned the statement is correct. Darwin was probably the first to discover the theory; he kept it in his mind for years, went about accumulating facts to support it, and it was while in this state of half-preparedness, only half-ready to publish, that he received Mr. Wallace's paper with a complete statement of the theory. As I have said, he immediately acknowledged it with warm praise, and sent it on to Lyell and others.

Mr. Wallace's next important correction touches the sentence in which I declare that the "extravagant claims which Henry George made for land nationalisation were disproved." In his marginal note Mr. Wallace says: "George never advocated land nationalisation, only taxation—'the single tax.'" I have only my memory here to go upon; but I remember reading "Progress and Poverty" when it first came out, and I met Mr. George almost as soon as he reached England, and this was the very gist of our argument: he saw quite clearly that a single tax on land was the same thing as land nationalisation, and he regarded this as a universal panacea for social inequality. Surely land nationalisation in the form of "the single tax" on land was the only remedy put forward by George in "Progress and Poverty." When he wrote that book he had no understanding of the results of open competition; he did not see that, given equality of opportunity even, there would still be extraordinary riches on one side and extraordinary poverty on the other, so long as open competition is the law of civilisation.

"Please Draw it Milder."

Mr. Wallace's chief objection, however, to my article is contained in a letter, and I feel constrained to give it in his own words. He says: "I think it almost ridiculous to compare me to Tolstoi in any way. I have neither his wonderful self-abnegation, his religious faith; nor any approach to his marvellous literary power"; and then he begs me to "draw it (the praise) milder!"

I do not believe that in making the comparison I have unduly strained resemblance. In ascribing the theory of natural selection to Darwin, and giving him always the sole credit for the discovery, it seems to me that Mr. Wallace has shown just as wonderful self-abnegation as Tolstoi has in putting on a peasant's dress and leading, as a great landowner, a peasant's life; for the strain of poverty is not that one lives simply, but that one is uncertain of getting even the simplest fare; nor is the degradation of poverty the wearing of common clothes, but the fact that one must think of the needs of the body, and how to supply them, morning, noon, and night. The worst sting of poverty, moreover, is, not the harassing anxiety nor the degredation, but the fact that by it one is tied and fettered, prisoned to a place and a condition, and from all these disadvantages Count Tolstoi is free. He has, it is certain, great self-abnegation; but I do not think that in this quality Mr. Wallace is inferior to him.

It is true that Mr. Wallace has not Tolstoi's "religious faith"; he has, however, just as much faith in the future of humanity as Tolstoi, and he believes just as devoutly as Tolstoi himself in a personal immortality, and feels just as sure that this world of sense is compassed round about by a world of spirits, and this is an even more astonishing act of faith on his part than that shown by Tolstoi in holding fast to the religion of his childhood.

Of course, I am not going to maintain that Alfred Russel Wallace has the marvellous literary power of Tolstoi; but he has great literary power, and, as I have tried to show in my article, he has other qualities which are just as rare as literary power, and which perhaps are even more beneficial to humanity at large.

SHAMS.

We have already exposed:—

(1) THE KEELEY INSTITUTE. Establishing the fact that the alleged treatment for inebriety is a fraud, and is calculated to do more harm than good.

(2) DAVIS AND CO. (Jewellers). Showing that these people under various aliases are pretending to sell at a sacrifice the contents of pawnbrokers' stocks, whereas as a matter of fact they are selling new goods manufactured for themselves wholesale for the purpose of planting them on the public.

(3) BILE BEANS. Showing that this much advertised preparation is a fraud, and is not based upon any such discovery as that alleged.

(4) E. C. LOVEGROVE AND CO. Showing that under various aliases this firm is carrying on a dishonourable bucket-shop business upon terms which show a *certain* loss to its clients.

(5) THE BRAHMO GOLD CO. and THE BRITISH WATCH CO. Showing that these two firms work hand in hand together for the purpose of swindling unwary persons into buying tawdry watches and chains.

We are still awaiting writs for libel from the proprietors of these concerns.

Last Words about Lovegrove—for the Present.

In reference to our recent exposures of the firm of E. C. Lovegrove and Co., we have received some further information to the effect that

> "In 1901 Lovegrove started a commission agent's business at Guernsey under the name of J. Dawson and Co., and issued a book of Systems inviting clients to send him capital for a system called the 1st Favourite System. The result was that he had some £800 from clients, but as the 'system' continued to go strong he was unable to pay them the amount won, as the money received went in advertisements, etc. He then sent them (the clients) a notice saying that the authorities in Guernsey had prohibited betting, and that he was opening a branch office on the Continent, and as soon as he had done so would write them again, but, of course, this was only bluff. It was not until a year later that betting was stopped in Guernsey. A man named Moss was with him (acted for him in Guernsey, and then left him for a year or so, but is now with him again). Moss was introduced to Lovegrove through Petch, who is the manager of Howard Marshall and Co."

"A PLEASANT SUNDAY."

A reader who is on his holidays in Wales sends us the following delicious notice, which he says is to be seen hanging up in most boarding houses—"without apparently having much effect."

The Sabbath Day, with its Holy Associations, is among the best treasured possessions of the Welsh people. Special legislation in consequence has closed the Public-houses in the Principality on the Lord's Day. Nowhere has the *Divine Institution* been more faithfully and devoutly observed than in the town and district of Aberystwyth. But of late a certain laxity has manifested itself, which has been to the worshipping population a source of great and sincere distress. The Free Church Council of the town PLEADED with the officials of the Vale of Rheidol (Devil's Bridge) Railway for the discontinuance of the Sunday trains. *The Directors of that Company are strangers to the locality, and are apparently regardless of the religious convictions of the inhabitants.* The Visitors are, therefore, respectfully urged to abstain from this, as well as all other means of Sunday travelling, either by rail or road; also from the so-called Sunday Concerts and other things which, aiming simply at providing pleasure and entertainment, will inevitably prejudice the rightful observance in our midst of the Lord's Day, so much beloved by the British people and such a blessing to the Community.

Just think of it. Because the inhabitants of Aberystwyth think it wicked to travel on Sundays, railway directors are to disorganise the whole of their traffic, and there is to be no travelling of any kind. The Aberystwyth Free Church Council seem to be very much afraid of opposition.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

THE GRUMBLER—AND THE LADIES.

By The Commoner.

The woman who grumbles is always with us—for our sins—and just at present her tone is very shrill. The fair ladies who are at this time shrieking their loudest about women's rights are quite as well qualified for a parliamentary career as any male who advocates the acquisition of other people's property, and who considers that his mission on earth is to make England the back garden of a Continental Power. The shrieking sisters at least are carrying out Nature's commands for the Good Dame desires that all women should parade their charms before men. Some accentuate these charms by the aid of dress, some preach, some dance, a few sing, but the dear ladies who advertise their existence by mobbing Mr. Asquith rely upon their exhibition of sweet temper. Some men like shy little girls, some men admire fine women, and the Shriekers attract those of the opposite sex who admire the great. Woman has always attracted and tempted man since the days of Eve, and woman after having been the tempter puts man in a false position by accusing him of having given way to the temptation. The darlings who would enter Parliament and reconstruct our laws would do so with an eye to more severely punishing men who are tempted and fall, although every forbidden apple that a man bites now is sure to disagree with him.

The laws concerning matrimony must be amended, the ladies declare. Man made them, and made them to suit himself, and yet the poor, hen-pecked, hardworking husband never finds that they suit him. But a wife would fine a married man who looked twice at a pretty girl, yet such is the inconsistency of woman that she who has dressed herself so that every man should look at her and long, would have any man fined who did not look at her twice. The trouble is that marriage should change a man's nature and does not. Despite the preachings and teachings of the decrepit and ancient, "a man's a man for a' that," and if women tinkered with the laws for all time they would fail to strengthen the average man against the temptation of the average woman. And worse than this, if by any means woman could so subdue man's inclinations as to stay him from excessive admiration of a pretty face or figure, then man would no longer desire to marry or to take upon himself the responsibility of working for another person beside himself.

The fact is that women are apt to forget that already there is a place in the world which Nature intended them to fill. They would be dependent upon a man and independent at the same time, whereas no woman who cannot make her income without the aid of man is really independent of him. He is, because of this, her overlord; he rules in the house, and therefore rules in the land, and until woman alters this fact so long must she remain in his care. I am aware that some ladies have an idea that their work at home is an equivalent of their man's work away—that this makes for an equal partnership. I have been told that there are several women in Great Britain who really try to keep their husband's house in order, but these women have no time to trouble themselves about voting or getting into Parliament. I have never had the pleasure of meeting one of these ladies, but I can imagine St. Peter smiling on them when they knock at the Golden Gate. I should like to applaud as they bend over the washtub, or kneel on the floor; I should like to present them with a medal as they cook, instead of spoiling, the meat. Their husbands are lucky men, but like multi-millionaires, such ladies are scarce.

As a general rule, the ladies of the middle classes think that they have done a good day's work if they have chased and harassed a servant girl between the intervals of novel reading, visiting, and receiving visitors. There is, as a rule, open or concealed warfare between mistress and maid, and each speaks of the other to her associates in terms that are actionable. And as soon as the servant girl in her turn marries, she will join the army of married ladies belonging to the working classes (the word working implies "wage earning" and no more), who spend most of their time at their front doors discussing the iniquities of their neighbours and enlarging upon the sadness of their own married lives. Then there is the periodical visit to the "Hotel de Biere," the occasional visit to the Lombardy merchant, and the duel with the husband to vary the monotony, in addition to which many of the ladies find a zest in life when they work off their own overheated feelings by chastising their children. Will a vote for a parliamentary candidate make such an existence as this happier? An act might certainly limit a husband's beer money, but otherwise I cannot imagine a life to fit the working-class ladies better than the present one.

It is an amiable weakness of mine that I consider all women angels, some a little on the moult, but still, on the whole, angelic. In the morning how fair is the lady of the suburban back street. She has not at noon had time to make her toilet, she is filling to overflowing a blouse that neither hooks nor buttons; her hair floats sweetly on the breeze, and her face and hands tell of an economy of soap and water that does her credit. I thank Heaven for sending us these angels, and I wonder, if they become voters, will they assist the ladies who will bring in a bill to compensate mothers who are compelled to send their children to school, and forced, in consequence, to fetch their own beer. And each of these blanc-mangey ladies has a home and a husband, and every one keeps secrets from the brute, and knows a tally man or two. I can never be sufficiently thankful that I am not quite good enough for one of them.

A very great grievance of the ladies is that they should be saddled with children. Every married lady spends many hours in relating her sufferings, and no conversation on the subject is complete without the remark: "He ought to have had 'em—the brute." Now, given a vote, woman would no doubt make radical changes by law in the nursery department. Not but what ladies are proud of their children. What prettier sight can be seen than a fond mother leading a little toddler by the wrist. Sometimes it cannot keep pace with her, and as it falls she jerks it to its feet, and shakes it, never sparing herself in the effort. She will do anything for it, such is her maternal love. She will insure its life and send it to play with the pretty motor-cars, always relying on her hope of Heaven.

I had almost forgotten one class of lady, the dear, kind soul who spends most of her time doing good to others, whether they like it or not. Sometimes she is a district visitor, generous with alms that she has gathered from others, and, if her distributions be ample, rents will rise in her district, publicans will wax fat, and the percentage of the unemployed will double itself every fortnight. But the district visitor, like the gentle rain, falls both upon the just and the unjust, and invades the dirtiest homes unbidden, happy when in exchange for her gifts she can gather new scandal. She tells her friends that she enters into the lives of the poor, and to them she poses as a saint. Now what will she do with her vote when she gets it. I fancy that she will vote for the extermination of every religious body but her own, and for the suppression of every district visitor that does not emanate from her own church. But, after all, why not let women make our laws? Before any one of them was old enough to take effect the ladies would deem it out of fashion, and either replace it by another, or else cut it about and retrim it.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMEN-FOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

[Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive from her women readers suggestions and contributions for this page.]

The Question of Holidays.

The holiday season is upon us, with all the worry it brings in its train, and I am waiting to see which paper will start the annual correspondence on "Should Husbands and Wives have Separate Holidays?" Of course they should, unless they live such busy lives that they see little of each other as a general rule. In such cases it may well be that during a holiday together each may discover in the other those charming and subtle graces that have been hidden under the stultifying monotony of the daily round. With the average couple, however, a complete change should be the first consideration. Where there are children, of course, matters are complicated. The middle class woman, in spite of all the nonsense written about her clubs, her career, and her butterfly existence, is not given to leaving her nurse in sole charge of the family; yet a holiday with the children is apt to be no holiday at all. It remains one of the questions that are unanswerable, save in general terms.

Our Milk Supply.

It is all very well for the *Daily Chronicle* to tell us what would be the ideal method of dealing with milk. We are not represented on municipal bodies, and even if we possess a lactometer—and they are only eighteenpence—and can assure ourselves that we are getting a proper percentage of cream, we are not always able to inspect our dairy farms. The really safe rule is to insist that every drop of milk that comes into the house should be sterilised at once, and put into a bottle, instead of being left to collect a fresh supply of germs as it cools. The easiest method for households destitute of a double saucepan is to put the milk into an earthenware jam jar and stand it in a saucepan of boiling water until a skin covers the milk. The working-classes seem to have no idea of the utility of that jam jar.

A Lesson for Mothers.

The recent sad suicide of a morbid boy, who gave among his reasons for seeking release from life, his conviction that he would never be of any use in the world, should cause some heart-searchings among the women who, whatever their attempts may have been, have failed to keep in touch with their sons and daughters. That it is one of the most difficult things in the world is admitted, but, being also among the really desirable achievements, there can be no excuse for a failure to *try*. The old song with the phrase, "a boy's best friend is his mother," was no mere sentimental tag, it was a solid fact. One has only to study the lives of our best and most famous men to see that the influence of their mothers has nearly always been a strong one, gratefully acknowledged. There is but one way in which a woman can hold her son; she must be a chum rather than an obvious guide, philosopher and friend. This may easily mean that her own work, interests, and hobbies must go to the wall. At any rate, the mother whose children rise up and call her blessed is never one who tells them to "run away—mother is busy." So many dangers beset the modern boy; there is so much of the literature aptly dubbed "pornography" about, that only a constant insistence on the importance of self-respect and the beauty of self-control can save the average youth from bitter self-reproach when his time for introspection arrives.

The Average Woman.

The average woman, in spite of higher education and women's clubs, is not usually interested in abstract questions; it is almost impossible to induce her to discuss a question impersonally; if any topic or theory is not capable of some personal application, it fails to interest her. That is why, at the present time, the average woman does not support woman's suffrage and, but for the fact that this is a slack time in the journalistic world, the newspapers would have ignored the eccentricities of the suffragists ere this. The great mass of women are still home dwellers, potentially, if not actually. Their grievances have no obvious legal remedy, and as, while they see things more quickly than men, they do not see so far, it follows that, as yet, they have not perceived that a vote might be of advantage to them. Those women who are in favour of Woman's Suffrage in a sane, intelligent manner, are inclined to wring their hands and declare with Duclos that women have no worst enemies than women. The sane suffragist—this is not, as one might suppose, a contradiction in terms—recognises that women must prove themselves fit to vote before demanding the right to do so. What she fails to see is that the average woman does not care whether she has a vote or not.

Problems of the Hour!

The poor journalists ought to be eternally grateful to women; whenever there is a dearth of murders, suicides, divorces or speeches by famous statesmen to fill the columns of the halfpenny paper, they plunge into a discussion on:

(1) Should Women Smoke?
(2) Should Women have Clubs? or
(3) Should women be allowed to work?

Of course, there are variations; recently we have heard a great deal about the evils of sea-bathing for women, with its side issue of whether it is desirable for women to go in for athletics in any shape or form, but the principle is the same. If one may judge from the correspondence on the subject—mostly written by the staff of the papers, perhaps—a good many people think the real question is "Shall woman be free?" and these good folks imagine that the world would get along much better if women were caged up and regarded as mere maternity machines. It might be, but the average man would find it very dull.

Woman's Real Place in the World.

Woman should do just as she pleases, with one stipulation; she should always bear in mind that the primary reason for her existence is the propagation of the race. Oh, yes! It is not the least bit of use to shut our eyes to that fact. To bear children and to rear them is her justification for existing at all. Of course there is a great deal of nonsense written about the beauty and holiness of motherhood, mostly by young men with romantic ideas, or old maids who hunger for the love of children of their own. While every woman who has no children is missing one of the best things life has to offer her, she is also free from the sordid realities of child-bearing and child-rearing, from which the modern woman selfishly shrinks. A child is a wonderful possession, but, like all other desirable things, the price to be paid is not a light one. It is, nevertheless, the duty of every wife to bear children; therefore, as every woman—every natural woman, at all events—desires to be a wife, it is her duty to prepare for motherhood all the days of her youth.

Women and Smoking.

The average society woman can smoke a cigarette daintily and properly, and on occasion, when to do so is sociable, she does "light up." It is the middle-class woman who works for her living who smokes too much, or, at any rate, allows it to become a habit. In the "lower classes," smoking is almost unknown, except among the young girls, at the sweethearting stage, who may be seen smoking at periods when they are wearing "'Arry's 'at."

JOSH.

I.
Josiah is a hater
  Of foreigners and such;
He calls them foxes, hogs, or wolves,
  From Portuguese to Dutch.

II.
To Josh I brought a present,
  A plaything from the Rhine.
He took it, and he raved and roared,
  A human powder-mine!

III.
"Why, thunder, man! it's *German!*
  (He shattered several chairs);
And if you don't remove it sharp,
  I'll kick you down the stairs!"

IV.
The gift was yet before him;
  He looked at it again;
He drew a big revolver, and—
  I left to catch a train.

E. H. Physick.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

JOHN BULL'S OPEN POST-CARDS.

[*This being the holiday season,* JOHN BULL *is too lazy to write long letters, so he proposes to keep in touch with his friends by means of post-cards—more or less pictorial in their character.*]

XII.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

My Lord,—"Some men are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them." Those who have watched your career regard you as a conspicuous example of the last named class.

Originally holding a land surveying appointment somewhere in Syria, you one day found yourself appointed to a post in the Egyptian Army, in which you passed several uneventful years.

At last a day came when you were appointed to command an expedition sent to crush the Mahdi and his horde of howling Dervishes, then devastating the Soudan.

You are said to have shown extraordinary energy in making a railway through the desolate tracts which it was necessary to traverse, and the aptitude displayed in organising the transport of troops and stores over this railway, showed what an ideal traffic superintendent you would have made.

After long pursuit, you at last overtook the Mahdi and his army and proceeded to mow them down with machine and other guns, against which their rude spears and matchlocks and their naked bodies afforded no sort of protection.

Having slain the Mahdi and destroyed or dispersed his followers, his buried remains were dug up and burnt, and the ashes thrown into the Nile.

Now, a dog can, in the usual canine way, desecrate the grave of a bishop, but for British soldiers so to act does not impress the man in the street as likely to shed lustre on our arms.

Your subsequent achievements in South Africa, are they not recorded in the imperishable annals of the British Empire? In command of an army numbering a quarter of a million of men, you were left to complete the task, unfinished by your predecessor in command, of crushing the sturdy Dutch farmers of the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

But the Boer race proved a different sort of enemy from Soudanese savages, the only other antagonists to whom your previous experience had extended—and their subjugation nearly proved too heavy a task.

And now in India you are engaged in adding fresh lustre to your name.

Having succeeded in thwarting and finally in dislodging a Viceroy who, until you appeared on the scene, had somehow come to be regarded as a masterful man, you seem likely to achieve still further triumphs over opponents, both savage and civilised.

Meantime, your late scheme of planting military cantonments amid the waterless wastes of Beluchistan seems not unlikely to go far towards involving India in a financial condition bordering on bankruptcy.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

XIII.

To Captain Adair and Lieutenant Dathan.

Gentlemen,—Though I am exceedingly sorry you lost me the "Montagu," which is called H.M.S., but is really mine, and cost me about a million and a half, I write these few lines to say that I trust you are quite well, as it leaves me at present. All of us get into a bit of a fog at times, and I am not inclined to judge men in charge of a ship more hardly in such circumstances than I would judge myself while in charge of the British Empire. You, Lieutenant Dathan, had been on duty for thirty-six hours, with only two-and-a-half hours' rest, and that with your clothes on, and I must be an ass to let any naval officers work like that without relief. You, Captain Adair, should have taken no risks. You should have followed the strict letter of the Regulations; and, when you became uncertain of your bearings, you should have "stood by" till the morning. You committed a serious error of judgment, trusting, no doubt, to your experienced navigating officer. Between you, I am bound to conclude that your mistakes got the ship on the rocks. While it is right you should be punished for that, it would in my opinion be equally right for the Admiralty to be punished for not letting you try to get her off again while there was a chance of doing so. As it was, they superseded you instead of putting you in charge of the salvage operations, spent another £100,000 of my money, and muddled the business so that they will now have to sell her for scrap. I hope you will not long be kept without re-employment, for you are capable officers, and one mistake in a life of efficient and devoted service should not be allowed to wreck any man's career. Otherwise I should long ago have had to sack the whole Admiralty Board. Buck up.—I am, gentlemen, your sincere friend,

JOHN BULL.

XIV.

To Timothy Healy, Esq., M.P.

My dear Timothy,—I am glad to hear that you have landed safely in New York. It was, of course, inevitable that you should be interviewed, and though I do not observe that you said much on the personal prospects of the Healyite party, it is pleasant to know that you have correct views on the Atlantic Ocean. As you truthfully observed, it is "very refreshing after the House of Commons," an institution which Charles Dickens, another acute observer, called the dreariest nuisance that ever bothered a much-bothered world. Still, I should like to see you more often in that place, for despite sundry explosive eccentricities, you were born with brains and have kept them ever since. Parnell once called you a "gutter sparrow," but, as a matter of fact, you are a very able lawyer, and time and opportunity may make you a statesman—when "C.-B." has wiped the tear from Erin's eye. I do not know whether you have gone to New York for pleasure or to make a collection. Good luck to ye, aneyhow. Ye're à broth iv a bhoy.—Faithfully yours,

JOHN BULL.

XV.

To the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.

My dear Madame,—I see from one of the local papers that you are in Bayreuth. At all events, there is in the visitors' list the name, "Balfour, Premier-Minister, London," which would, of course, be you if you were it. Bayreuth is a place where they play the tunes of a deceased person called Wagner, and being yourself one of the greater pianists, you will no doubt be happy among the noise. They tell me that of all composers, Wagner has done the most to wake the baby. Though I have seen you sitting out a Wagner concert with a patience and devotion which did you the greatest credit, I had not hitherto supposed that one whose immortal soul is moved to such lavish emotion as is yours, could be sufficiently a Wagnerite to stand a week of a dreary old town like Bayreuth, where the hotel-keepers are exhorbitant, the waiters expensive, and the crowd frankly idiotic. Still, you have done some queer things in your day. You are the only prominent Britisher in Bayreuth just now, I hear. I don't mind wagering that you are the only Scotchman to be found there, anyhow. So shake hands with yourself, and if you cannot talk German, try your French. Oh, no, not at all. Stay in Bayreuth as long as you like. There is nothing for you to do here. Don't worry. In about a quarter of a century you may be "Premier-Minister" again.—With best regards, and hoping you will not get over-excited, faithfully,

JOHN BULL.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

MAHDI AND BAMBAATA.

"ALAS! MY POOR BROTHER!"

LITERARY FORETASTES:

BEING AN INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION OF THE FUTURE WORK OF CERTAIN POPULAR AUTHORS.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

By FLOODYARD RIPPLING.

It is our privilege this week to be able to offer our readers a brief review of Mr. Floodyard Rippling's new collection of prose and poetry, which will be published early next month, under the title of "Good Intentions." It is not our purpose to disclose the means by which we have secured this advantage over our contemporaries, and our readers will understand that it would be scarcely fair to the distinguished author to give more than the briefest foretaste of the literary banquet which will shortly be set before them.

We need not enlarge here upon the qualities which have raised Mr. Floodyard Rippling's work to an honoured place in the great army of contemporary classics. The purity of his style, and the unerring accuracy of his spelling would, in a less literary age than this, alone have sufficed to insure his success; but coupled as these remarkable qualities are with a mastery over the difficult art of punctuation, amounting almost to genius, it is little wonder that Mr. Floodyard Rippling has taken a position in English literature only second to the supreme intelligence that created "The Blubbing of Beelzebub."

This, we believe, is the first volume which Mr. Floodyard Rippling has published including both prose and poetry under one cover, so his readers will have the unusual and fascinating enjoyment of trying to distinguish which is which. There is a rumour, indeed, that the publishers intend to institute a competition on these lines, the most successful candidate being offered his choice of a complete set of Mr. Floodyard Rippling's works, or two dress circle seats at the theatre.

The volume starts with a well-known quotation explaining the meaning of the title, followed by a couple of humorous verses, in which the author, speaking apparently in the rich dialect of a private soldier, contrasts himself with Virgil, to whom he jocosely alludes as—

"That pore old fiddle-'eaded bloke,
Wot twanged the 'arp in Rome!"

The first story in the book, "Life's Brandytrap," will be warmly welcomed by the admirers of Mr. Floodyard Rippling's earlier work. The scene is laid in India, the hero of the tale, "Dicky," being a junior subaltern on the Viceroy's staff, slightly addicted to intemperance. The Viceroy, coming into the room one day, finds Dicky dressed up in a viceregal uniform dancing a cake-walk, while the rest of the staff are beating time with their swords. He so far forgets himself as to box his subordinate's ears, an act of tyranny which completely destroys his own peace of mind, and almost produces another mutiny. Fortunately, however, he is no ordinary Viceroy. He recognises the necessities of the situation, and agrees to meet Dick at the Simla Town Hall, where they wrestle the best of three falls in the catch-as-catch-can style. After a terrific struggle, the Viceroy succeeds in getting on "a half-Nelson," and dislocating Dicky's elbow, at which the latter confesses himself beaten and tenders his forgiveness. Mr. Floodyard Rippling's style, founded largely on that of Euclid, is singularly well suited to this type of narrative. We quote the opening lines of the story, which will be sufficient to support our assertion.

"Dicky was a Carey-Ffolliett. I once knew a man who said that the original Carey-Ffolliett—but that will make another short story. Anyhow, India is full of Carey-Ffollietts. And they all drink. Dicky held to the breed, but he had a weak head. India is no place for a man with a weak head. After sixteen glasses of brandy he used to see two moons. And when a man sees two moons, it is time for him to go home. Though he does not always know it. Which is absurd."

"L. C. 462" is a *tour-de-force*, a brilliant description of a conversation between a motor-car and a telegraph-post; the passage beginning, "No! hissed the sparking-plug," being, perhaps, the most beautiful and pathetic in the book.

It would, however, be grossly unfair to Mr. Floodyard Rippling to betray at any greater length the stories contained in this fascinating volume, especially as we cannot conclude our brief and altogether inadequate little notice without a short tribute to the wonderful verses which are scattered through its pages. As a singer, Mr. Floodyard Rippling is unique, though some fanciful critics have professed to discover in his work traces of the later method of the present poet laureate. That, of course, is ridiculous.

Perhaps the most powerful poem in the book is a remarkable ballad entitled: "Five per cent. all round." Written at the special request of Mr. Chamberlain, it has been set to music by Sir Edward Elgar, and will in future be sung at the commencement of all Tariff Reform meetings. We reproduce the stirring chorus, which shows that the author of "The Absinthe-blinded Bragger" has not lost the lilting swing and incisive wit which lifted that masterpiece into immortality.

"Canada! India! Australia!
Africa! England! arise!
Down with the dotards that fail ye!
Dash out the dust from your eyes!
Pack up, ye pigs of the prize ring;
Skip off, ye skunks of the skiff!
With games do not trifle, grip hold of a rifle,
And fight for your leader's Tariff!
Riff-raff, riff-raff,
Back up your leader's Tariff!

The book concludes with another of those stately and magnificent appeals to the British race which have won for Mr. Floodyard Rippling his unique position as the national censor. It is impossible to over-estimate the extent to which we are indebted to this distinguished author for the suppression of that criminal levity which, at one time, threatened us with disaster. One of Mr. Floodyard Rippling's occasional psalms in the columns of the *Times* has even a more potent influence in reducing the country to a state of gravity befitting a great nation than the entire works of Mr. Jerome or another penny on the income-tax. "The Seekers," a poem of three stanzas in the author's most recent style, will, we venture to prophesy, rank for ever amongst his noblest efforts. We quote the last two verses, omitting the first, which is, perhaps, a trifle obscure:—

"The bitten fear, grey-eyed and drear,
Full stamped between their brows,
That mocks afar the laughing star,
To guide a falling house.

"Through unborn days, the singer's lays
Our children's children con,
And conning, read from out his screed
The ex-plan-a-ti-on."

Which shows clearly that Mr. Floodyard Rippling, at all events, is no believer in the mental degeneration of the British race.

CHERRIES.

I.

In an orchard wet with dew,
Where I wandered once with you
When the cherry trees were sleeping.
Lazy bees are still abed
In the cherry blossoms dead,
And the cherry fruit is peeping!

II.

In that orchard that you knew,
Promise me that I and you,
When the cuckoo's notes are clearest,
Shall again with laughter meet,
And these flaming cherries eat—
Will you promise me, my dearest?

VERA CANUTE.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

AN EXPERIENCE AT THE EXHIBITION PALACE HOTEL.

BY THE LORD DUNDREARY.

One of the drawbacks of exhibitions is the number of mushroom buildings which are not destined to flatter the eye of posterity. The Exhibition Palace Hotel belonged to this category. When first the idea of the Paris Exhibition was started, a company was formed to acquire a piece of land in the slums beyond the Boulevard Poissonière, a great, gimcrack palace was constructed, tickets were largely advertised for a week's board and lodgings therein, and the denizens of British suburbs were invited to secure their holiday by small weekly payments extending over some hundred weeks.

Whether or no the Paris Exhibition was a brilliant failure or a lamentable success, there can be no two opinions as to the profitableness of the Exhibition Palace Hotel. But when the Exhibition closed, and the directors met to consider what they should do with their Palace, opinions were extremely divided. The builders had evidently been more conscientious than was necessary, and several months must certainly elapse before it would fall to pieces. The obvious course was to sell it to some innocent hotel-keeper with more ambition than brains. But innocent hotel-keepers are scarce, and the slums of the Boulevard Poissonière are not attractive to the gay and fashionable throng which passes through the Riviera. Even a proposal to palm it off upon Mr. Kruger fell through, and the alternative remained for the company to sell the materials by auction, or keep on the hotel. Unfortunately for the shareholders, the directors, with short-sighted greed, adopted the latter course. A fresh coat of paint was paid for, and a portion of the army of servants was retained. Nobody came.

Happening to be in Paris at the beginning of December, I was struck by the opportunity of driving a bargain, and, after ten minutes' haggling with the secretary, I obtained a suite of rooms on the seventeenth floor for what might literally be styled a nominal rent. On the whole I did not regret my decision, for I was really very comfortable, and I had the place all to myself. Indeed at night time I had it so completely to myself that I might have been hundreds of miles away in the wilderness. However, I had travelled about so much alone that this did not trouble me seriously, and the trusty six-shooter, which reposed by my bedside, was a companion that had never failed me.

One night I awoke suddenly; I can't say precisely why. There was a tiny little noise going on at the window, but it was not enough to have roused me. It annoyed me by its persistence, and the idea passed quickly through my mind that someone was cutting out a pane of glass. But it was so much more likely to be the effect of the wind that I dismissed the other notion at once, and turned round to sleep again, for I was very drowsy.

Then all of a sudden I grew very wide awake indeed. The window fell in with a great crash, and I heard someone bound into the room. I turned on the electric light, and grasped my revolver almost simultaneously. But I was too late. A gaunt ruffian was standing by my bedside, and covering me with his gleaming barrels.

"Put that thing down, or I'll fire," he cried, with a very malevolent glitter in his bloodshot eyes.

I reflected that, in any case, he would not spare me; as well risk his shot now as later, so I clutched my revolver all the more tightly. There was a slight click, but his weapon was evidently of cheap American make and had missed fire. Now it was my turn. I covered him with my revolver, and bade him drop his. He obeyed at once, and stood before me a picture of degradation and cowardice. I think it was his cowardice which exasperated me most.

"Let me go," he whined, "it was all a mistake. I had no idea anyone lived here."

Then I began to play with him. "If I let you go," I said, "how am I to know that you won't repeat your visit? I am sensible of the honour you have done me, but if you had dropped me a line before-hand, I would have made more fitting preparations for our entertainment."

"Stow that, guv'nor. So help me, I'll never come near you again." He was speaking French, but I am trying to give a realistic translation.

"It is very unkind of you to say that. I am charmed to meet a fine fellow like you. What will you take? There are brandy and soda-water on the table, I think."

"For Gawd's sake, let me go."

"Not till you have had a drink to pull you together. You have a long journey before you to-night."

He did not know what I meant, but his teeth were still chattering with fear. It was only when I threatened to shoot that he staggered to the table and mixed himself a drink. As it was, he spilled half the contents of the decanter upon the floor.

"Now," said I, "you have had your drink, and I am afraid I have nothing more to offer you. I am getting sleepy, so you had better be off."

A deep sigh of relief passed right through him, and he made hurriedly for the door.

"Stop," I cried, brandishing my revolver, "you must go back the way you came."

"What," he replied, hoarsely, "through the window? But my ladder has fallen down."

"Well, then, I am afraid you will have to jump," I remarked very quietly.

"Jump!" he shrieked with an oath, "but this is the seventeenth floor. I shall break my neck."

"I hope you will," I answered, politely.

I hustled him to the balcony, keeping my revolver close to his head. There was a faint glimmer of the false dawn, and we could just make out the pavement far away below. Then he stopped, and said, sullenly: "No, I would rather be shot here."

"As you like," I said, "I certainly shan't spare you. If I did I should feel that I was your accomplice. All your future crimes would lie on my conscience. But I am willing to give you this one chance. Perhaps something may break your fall, and you may get off with a broken neck."

The perspiration was streaming down his rugged face. He sprawled on his knees, and implored for mercy in an agony which would have moved me in a melodrama. I let him go on for about ten minutes, enjoying the histrionic force of the situation. At last it became monotonous, and I determined to put an end to it.

"I am going to count five slowly," I said. "If you are not over by then, you will have no chance at all, for I shall put a bullet through your head. One . . . Two . . . Three . . . Four!"

By this time he had scrambled over the parapet, and was clinging to the supports with his hands, hoping to land on the balcony immediately below. Even so, however, he had not the courage to let himself go. It was only when his strength failed him that he loosed his hold. A few inches more and he would have been saved by the other balcony. As it was he struck it sharply, bounded off, and kept breaking his fall with the other balconies underneath.

He reached the street with a thud, and I heard him moaning for many hours. Once or twice I was half tempted to go down and fetch a doctor, but the memory of his hateful, cowardly face and the certainty of his many crimes held me back.

As I went to bed in search of the slumbers he had disturbed, I had the curiosity to look at the chambers of my trusty revolver, and it was something of a shock to me to find that it had been unloaded all the time. My first impulse was to lean over the balcony and inform the wretch of my discovery, but I refrained, for, after all, I am not a cruel man.

Now the Exhibition Palace Hotel is untenanted, and I am basking on the sunny shores of the Miditerranean. But whenever I go to bed I take very good care to see that I have a cartridge in each of the six chambers of my revolver.

A STOCK EXCHANGE PANIC.

One per cent., Five per cent.,
Ten per cent. downwards;
Into the Stock Exchange
Rush the six hundred.
No time to reason why,
No time to make reply—
Sell! Sell! the only cry,
Into the Stock Exchange
Rush the six hundred.

Brokers to right of them,
Brokers to left of them,
Brokers in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Bulls could not stem the tide,
Bears could not run or hide,
Few laughed but many cried,
Into the Stock Exchange
Rushed the six hundred.

A. C.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

OILED RAGS—A WORD TO "TAY PAY."

By Anti-Humbug.

As an antidote to scurrilous journalism, certain oily, fawning, sickly, lick-spittle periodicals have arisen, and of the two I verily believe they are the more offensive. A careful perusal of them leaves a taste in the mouth, beside which mouldy jam, putrid shrimps, or Chicago carrion were fragrant and delectable.

Let me illustrate this observation by a few extracts from a publication bearing the insane title "P.T.O." Describing a function at the American Embassy, Mr. O'Connor exclaimed, "It was one of Mrs. Longworth's real beauty days," adding that she was "radiant," and that her hat was "particularly becoming." A man named Carter was acclaimed "that handsome courtier."

If we may believe their innuendoes, Grub Street hacks are now made very welcome in the mansions of the great, though whether this happens upstairs as well as below stairs is not made very clear. One is sure to spend "the pleasantest of evenings," we are told, at the Countess of Dartmouth's balls, and she has (strangely enough) some "fine reception rooms," as well as—who knows?—a cosy servants' hall. And Lord Dartmouth "is usually" (why only usually?) "the most debonnaire and courteous of hosts. Did Lord Dartmouth's valet supply the qualifying word "usually"?

Lady Lewisham is introduced to us as "her husband's pretty, fair-haired bride," and we learn that "His Grace of Richmond and Gordon" has "many charmingly pretty daughters." Oddly enough, "Lady Alington occasionally goes to a ball with her handsome only daughter," while Lord Alington "may be ranked among the very best and most considerate of men chaperons." Lady Eileen Wellesley is "a young lady whose good looks quite attain the type of Irish beauty for which her mother was so well known as a girl." P. O'T. should be made a judge at the next beauty show.

He also has an eye for the outward and visible signs of riches. Mr. Astor is admired for his "splendid double marble staircase." Among his guests was "Lady Crossley . . . quite gorgeous and ablaze with diamonds, her beautiful fair hair being bound with a deep circlet of immense single-stone diamonds, others in masses glittering on the corsage of her satin gown." Quite a tin P. O'T.'s goddess!

Of course we all know what an authority Mr. O'Connor is on literature and art. So there is nothing surprising when he informs us that Lady Arthur Hill is "an admirable musician, a gifted singer, and the writer of some of the most popular of English ballads," and that Yvette Guilbert, "fascinating as ever," wore "immensely long yellow gloves."

Manners, it appears, are also within his province. But Lady Evelyn Guinness may consider it an impertinence, or at least a superfluity, that he should deem it necessary to record her "savoir faire, tact, and pleasant, easy manners." Nor is he less complimentary to the Marchioness of Headfort (née Rosie Boote), in whom he recognises "a simple, yet graceful, manner, and great kindness."

Similar margarine is poured out with a lavish hand all over his oiled rag. Whether he writes about sportsmen, lawyers, judges, mummers, suffragettes, or Chicago pork-packers, everything in the garden—from the dung-heap to the steam-roller—is superlatively lovely. If I had had the patience, I should have liked to count the number of "fine," "splendid," "beautiful," "handsome," "incomparable," "able," "brilliant," "successful," "popular," and "charming" persons Mr. O'Connor claims to have met in the course of a week. "'E do go about a lot."

I wonder whether any of his victims ever read his stuff, and, if so, what they think of his blatant criticisms upon their looks and clothes and mannerisms. In the case of men, his comments are insolent enough; in the case of ladies they constitute an outrage.

THE FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW.

By a Lawyer.

Now that the Law Courts have risen for the Long Vacation, we are regaled, as usual, with a discussion in the papers as to the undue length of the holiday which the legal fraternity is taking and the enormous arrear of work which will have to be overtaken when the Courts reopen in October.

For our own part, we incline to the belief that the majority of litigants would be better served if their cases were never heard, or, rather, never begun, and if the Courts took two holidays a year, each of six months' duration, for it is a melancholy fact that the majority of litigants carry on their cases with no earthly chance of obtaining any material advantage from them for themselves, the entire performance being conducted mainly for the benefit of the legal fraternity engaged therein. If we exempt criminal prosecutions and a certain class of civil cases which are unavoidable under the conditions in which we live, we shall not be far out if we estimate the profitless law cases in which the ordinary layman indulges as quite out of proportion to the really necessary ones.

We venture to ask whether not quite 90 per cent. of libel, slander, running-down, breach of promise, workmen's compensation, and breach of contract cases do not cost the successful plaintiffs more in costs than the damages they receive at the hands of a jury? Are these Pyrrhic victories worth gaining at all? In these kinds of cases it is not only *Vae Victis*, but also *Vae Victoris!* What with eminent counsel who will not look at a brief without a special fee running into hundreds of guineas and daily refreshers of large amounts, which under no circumstances can be charged against the losing party; what with solicitors who are permitted to draw up bills of costs from which large amounts are taxed off as irrecoverable as against the other side, but are retained to be paid by the solicitor's own clients; what with witnesses refusing to give the evidence one wants them to give unless they are "insulted" by conduct money largely in excess to that allowed them by statute; what with special juries wanting to be paid handsomely, and Court ushers with itching palms, an average case in the High Courts of Justice means quite £200 out of the pockets of the successful litigant before he is permitted to touch one penny that the law awards him. And in how many cases does he recover that sum? We do not speak, of course, of the risk every successful litigant runs of not even receiving one penny of the damages and costs to which a judge and jury consider him entitled. We are only discussing the position of litigants who carry a case to a successful issue, and are supposed to reap the fruits of their victory; and we repeat that in ninety cases out of a hundred these victories are barren of fruit. The lawyers on both sides divide the oyster, the litigant takes the shell.

Where, then, does the fascination of going to law come in? Would a man back a horse, even if he knew that he would not only never get paid, but would have to pay for the "sport"? Would a man insure his life, if he knew that he was only wasting his money in paying the premiums? We can only conclude that the reason is found in the Claimant's dictum that people with money are the natural victims of those who have brains.

Let our readers ponder over the crude suggestions we throw out in this article, and let them think twice before "having a go" at someone who does not see eye to eye with them. In no other country except ours is it the universal rule of every adult to have his own solicitor, just as he has his own tailor, his own butcher, and baker, and candle-stick maker. Solicitors are necessary evils, and the majority of them are licensed robbers. We speak with authority, for the writer is one of them.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

HOW WE LIVE.

II.—THE WARDROBE DEALER.

By A. C. MENZIES.

"Oh, you idiot!" screamed the fat woman in the corner seat, when the ticket collecter had duly banged the door. "'Ow dare you buy an 'arf ticket for Liz. Ain't she keepin' little a-purpose to travel for nothink. No! I won't 'old my tongue; it's about time you 'ad the state of yer mind inquired inter; if you was a markis it 'ud 'ave been done long ago, I don't think."

Liz, a diminutive girl with an old face, here began to cry, and was promptly cuffed by her mother, whereupon the tired-looking individual who was being held up to scorn took her on to his lap, and the two victims were talked at for the benefit of the other excursionists.

"Look at 'em," she cried, pointing her elephantine finger. The passengers looked at the finger instead, for it was truly an object of interest, all covered with rings of doubtful value with diverse stones missing, and impossible to bend, as they reached to the nail; the other fingers were just as crowded, and in her agitation, as her dolman fell back, the front of her blouse was seen literally covered with gold and silver brooches in various degrees of dilapidation. Mistaking the expressions of wonderment for admiration, she pointed proudly to her vast and pillowy breast, and said, "Them's part of my stock. I always carries them on me for safety. I'm open to do a deal, if any lady or gentleman would like one, and heny of the clothes as you sees on me or Liz can be 'ad by a little deposit now and a hearly call at my shop to finish hup."

In the ardour of her peroration she had almost forgotten her original grievance, and as she looked blandly around, her breath exuded gin in a most impartial and friendly manner.

She took out her handkerchief and genteelly wiped the tip of her nose, then taking a bottle from the grimy depths of her reticule, she proceeded to imbibe more refreshment.

"Look at 'im," she roared, this time addressing an inoffensive-looking lady in the furthest seat, and henceforth delivering all her remarks to her like an up-to-date Ancient Mariner. "'E's stark staring mad, that's wot 'e is, and all the doctors is in league with 'im, or 'e'd ave been locked hup long ago. 'Wot proofs 'ave you?' says the 'ead doctor when I went about 'im. 'Well,' I says, 'E takes and goes and pays the rates, rent, and taxes the very day they're doo, and everythink else accordin'. When I asked a moosic teacher to come and teach Liz, 'e actually took the hussy's part when she refused a bloomin' blouse as payment for a quarter in advance. She said she wouldn't wear second-hand clothes nohow, and 'er terms was ten and sixpence. Well, I'd 'ad that blouse off a very respectable party, whose aunt 'ad just died of smallpox and consequently couldn't wear it heny more. Barring a port wine stain down the front, and a little faded under the harms, it were as good as noo. I'd given ninepence for it myself, and it were worth ten and sixpence to anybody, and, would you believe it? 'e actually 'anded that gell 'er money.

"Another time, when our quarter's bread bill come in, I got the baker's wife round and persuaded 'er to take a blue silk dress and give me a receipt for the bill all fair and square between ourselves. It fitted 'er where it touched, as the sayin' is, and she looked a fair guy, bein' a big bony woman with a figure like a yard of pump water, but I told 'er the tale, and she took it away with 'er. May I never move if my ole brute 'adn't been round and paid the baker hisself that very afternoon, while she was with me, and 'anded me another receipt as pleased as punch. Back come the dress next mornin' with an impident message as 'ow I could 'old hon to the receipt all the same. Well, after I'd done with 'im and when 'e come out of orspital six weeks after I tried to reform 'im and told 'im my dear dead and gone mother's words as 'as kept me straight all these years. 'Marier, my gell,' she says, 'hallways 'old on to yer money till yer summonsed. You'll 'ave 'ad the use of it to turn over, and the summons won't cost much any'ow." I can dress the winder with henyone; why I even 'angs hup my teeth round the neck of a cut-glass decanter just to show as 'ow I can meet hevery want, as you may say. Then I doesn't give more than a month to pay hup, an' I keeps all the circulars as comes in the door to use where they ain't printed on to keep my accounts. Well, the doctor, 'e says, says 'e, 'your 'usband is certainly habnormal fer a person in 'is station of life, but I can't see as 'ow you can get 'im locked up. Humor 'im a bit.' I were goin' to offer the doctor a frock coat out of the winder for his fee——"

EVERYTHING depends on your Stomach—health, strength, mental efficiency and the ability to earn your daily bread. It is the power-house of the system and you must keep it in perfect working order, or every muscle, nerve, and organ in your body will inevitably suffer. You will become weak, run-down and unfit for work. Take MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP; it is the supreme remedy of the world for indigestion, and WILL CURE YOU however ill you may be.

For your Stomach's Sake TAKE Mother Seigel's Syrup.

The One Certain Cure for all Digestive Troubles.

MRS. M. E. I. BRADLE, of 54, East Hill, Dartford, Kent, knows the value of Mother Seigel's Syrup. Writing on March 28th, 1906, she says:

"All my life I had been subject to biliousness and dropsy, and even as a child I was delicate. It was after an attack of influenza, however, that I first commenced taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. I had always a bad taste in my mouth, with my tongue much coated, and frequently I had a dizzy sensation as though I were falling. My appetite was poor and what I did eat caused me much pain at the chest. I had also a violent pain all down my back, which scarcely ever left me. Finding no relief from the usual remedies, I got a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup. I soon found relief then; the pain in my back ceased to trouble and I slept soundly. My appetite became natural, and I was soon completely restored to health. I have used it ever since as a family medicine. All my family have taken it, and all have benefited."

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1s. 1½d. size.

BULL'S EYES.

Swami Abhedananda, a Hindu missionary, says the people of India "lived on religion, ate religion, slept religion, and walked religion." We are not so far behind, as regards "living on it," at any rate.

The German Emperor receives about 600 letters a day. In addition to his multifarious achievements, he is clearly a man of letters.

A contemporary asserts that penguins are very important "animals" in the Antarctic regions, as they supply the necessary oil for the lamps. Burning the midnight oil must be bad for a writer who has to keep his pen guin there.

A Tartar marriage always ends up with a sham fight between the two families. We, being civilised, go one better.

Half a million people are occupied in spinning cotton. A still greater number are engaged in spinning yarns.

The elephant sleeps only five hours a night. We were not aware that baby elephants were so troublesome.

The President of the Cabdrivers Union says that by Act of Parliament a cabman is liable every day to be fined £99; before this year it used to be £101. We are glad to know that things are improving, and hope before the Liberals are again in Opposition the tax on cabby's earnings may be further modified.

St. Petersburg is said to be the coldest capital in Europe, but the Autocrat of All the Russias has reason to doubt it.

Mr. Johnson, the Mayor of Cleveland, U.S.A., has invented an electric car to go 250 miles an hour. This is a real case of too much Johnson.

The advertisers of remedies for indigestion are complaining of unfair competition. It appears that the 'Frisco earthquake has cured several cases of dyspepsia of long standing. But it must be remembered that in years gone by, pills to cure the earthquake were in vogue. They should dig up the recipe.

Veils, wooden dolls, and white hats are not so prevalent nowadays at race-meetings. Still, so long as you have something on the favourite, what does it matter?

Among the Turcomans marriage does not take place till the bride has been captured in semi-warfare. With us, it is the husband who is roped in.

A St. Louis girl is bringing an action for "breach of promise," not only against her faithless lover, but his father, mother, sisters, and brothers. She evidently contemplated marrying the family.

In Siam the lighting of a cigar denotes a betrothal. Here it denotes a breaking off, unless it is a cheroot.

Edison says that sleep is only the force of habit, and in these days of electric light there is no reason for continuing the practice. What time does Mr. Edison go to bed?

Maeterlinck says the horse's kick, the bull's butt, and the dog's bite are mechanically and automatically perfect. After a three-fold experience you are painfully glad that so few things ever come to perfection.

The "British Weekly" says: "In Chicago loaves of bread must bear the weight and the name of the baker." Why not his height, age, and birthday, too?

When arrested on a charge of forgery, Moses Newfold, a master-printer, living in Whitechapel, said to the detective: "Thank God, my hands are clean." Moses is a *rara avis*. We know something of printers.

An edict has been issued prohibiting any man from entering the Casino at Monte Carlo with his trousers turned up. But visitors are permitted to leave with their pockets turned out.

The Lambeth lady who bit off her husband's finger, and was bound over to keep the peace, declared that she had thrown it away.

A Scripture-reader who died last week in a L. and S.W. train was named Punter. The *Winning Post* has probably lost a subscriber.

The number of students at the British Museum showed a substantial falling off last year, especially in the reading-room. The Museum would, doubtless, prove more attractive if the housemaids' brigade, armed with the useful and indispensable duster, visited it more frequently. The books and specimens would also benefit.

An American bootblack, known as "the 'Frisco Kid," has come to London in order to black the boots of King Edward, and other royal and aristocratic personages. Let some of our journalists and politicians now look to their laurels!

Attention has been called to the fact that the Temple Bar Memorial wants scouring. It has not been cleaned since its erection twenty-six years ago. As a well-known artist said, when he first saw the famous Griffin: "It won't wash."

A cricket writer says that "Lord Dalmeny won the toss on as good looking a wicket, from a batsman's point of view, as Cleopatra to Mark Antony." We do wish people would not tickle us with a feather.

"*Always be polite to the police*," remarked one of the magistrates the other day. It is excellent advice. They are always on the look out for a job.

When a letter received from the Local Government Board complaining of the cost of maintaining the children was read at a meeting of the Strand Guardians, one of them exclaimed, "That's Burns again," and they got it hot.

Three of the ladies in the Shrewsbury Chess tournament were named Herring, Roe, and Crum. Quite tasty.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will soon have sat forty years as member for the Sterling Boroughs. We hope that they will C.B. for many years to come.

A St. Pancras grocer was fined thirty shillings the other day for selling a tin of spinach adulterated with copper. They had been in possession of the tin for seven years. If they had kept it a bit longer they might have saved the copper and the silver as well.

Miss Katharine Tynan says "every nun is a lady." We are glad she is not a suffragette.

We are told of the death of a Berwick man who had worked for fifty years for one firm, and for forty-seven of them he had never been away from business, either through sickness or for a holiday. It was time he had a change.

Judge Bacon has just asked: "What is a between-maid?" Surely his honour remembers "The Admirable Crichton," where this domestic is described as being a girl who takes dishes from the cook and hands them to the butler.

Professor Carrelley finds that the City of Pithom, built by the Israelites, is the worst built one in Egypt. We wondered often how the jerry builder originated, and why Jeremiah.

During an altercation one man hurled a stone at another and missed him, but broke his window. An action was brought, and it was decided against the man who was missed, because had he not ducked his head, the window would not have been broken. The judge appears to have taken great panes over the case.

"*Mother-in-law is lost*," said a wire the other day to an American visitor; "what shall we do?" "Look for her," he replied. "Have found mother-in-law in a pond, covered with mussels," came the sad response. "Sell the mussels at best and reset the bait," cabled back the callous one.

"*Sang with a fractured skull*" is a headline in the *Morning Leader*. We are not fond of singing at any time, but we prefer it with the throat.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

Chickens with a cat's head have been hatched at Camden Town. They also have a cat's tail. The explanation given is that the old hen was frightened by a cat. We guess the cat caught her. In any case, whilst we will swallow the head, we decline to believe the tail.

At a country fair the other day there was a race for which the following prizes were announced:—First prize, pot of ale; second prize, pint of ale; third prize, *a good cigar*. The brand was not mentioned. Probably a Stinkadora!

A bank clerk, who had attempted suicide, has been discharged from hospital "quite well," but with a bullet in his brain, and has been placed in the care of his wife. We hope she hasn't a bee in her bonnet.

"*Is it a baby's foot?*" is the heading to the story of a discovery in a tin of brawn purchased by a Newbury family for supper. We have heard of "brawny arms"—but brawny feet, never before. Once, however, we found our youngest's fingers and thumb in our jampot.

Keir Hardie is fifty. So is G. B. S. And they both hate being talked about. So we will say no more at present.

The lady suffragettes have a fresh grievance. They were not allowed to "do" their full "time." They wanted to finish knitting those stockings—blue ones, of course.

From their photos, we have a distinct preference for Miss Kenney.

Our own Ranji has a good chance of succeeding the Jam of Navanagar. As the late Jam has left no heirs, Ranji is not poaching on anyone's "preserves." He always plays the game.

King Alfonso has been advertising the charms of Sherry in Scotland. He evidently wants to go down to history as the Commercial King. And wine not?

Mr. W. L. Goldschmidt, a son of Jenny Lind, has just been appointed a Chancery Registrar. He knows how to take "notes."

In the matter of a bankrupt, the Official Receiver reported to the Court that the debtor having died since the receiving order had been made, he asked for his examination to be adjourned *sine die*.

A swimmer visited one of the L.C.C. open-air baths a few mornings ago and found the water an odorous, yellow-green, slimy soup. The "man in the boat" informed him it was changed when necessary, but "that it had not been changed for some months." This sort of thing won't wash.

A mushroom weighing 15½ ounces has been discovered at Keighley. Explorers are now looking for a 40ft. gooseberry in Jerusalem.

When an Acton woman told a police inspector that she wanted him to stop another woman from talking, he said that if he could do it he would be the strongest man in the world. As one of the Yorkshire philosophers has it: "Wheere there's geese there's cackle, an' wheere there's woman there's talk."

During his stay at Harrogate, Father Bernard Vaughan has been observed in conversation with Mrs. Langtry, Mme. Montefiore, Lord Claude Hamilton, Madame Albani, Sir Walter Smythe, and several other Society people. But there are times and seasons; and though among the Smart Set, he did not make the set smart.

The housekeeper at the Jewish Board of Guardians, in Middlesex Street, says that as many as five hundred Russian Poles in London are clamouring to be sent to Canada. Let them wait till Mr. Wellman finds the North Pole, then they can make up a procession.

Triangle Camp accounts have been squared up, and amount to 6½d. each all round—just enough to take the land-grabbers to the Oval, where they will find an excellent pitch.

The Kaiser recently visited Fraulein Krupp at the Essen Works, and, after listening to the choral society, expressed a desire that the first tenor should be at the Royal Opera House. When a big gun like the Emperor, who looks upon himself as "first fiddle," goes out of the even tenor of his way like this, it looks like another performance of the Concert of Europe.

Mixed bathing at Tenby has shocked at least one family, "who threaten to leave the town." We remember a maiden lady some years ago who complained of the same thing. It being pointed out that her house was two miles from the sea, she said she could see most distinctly through the telescope.

By way of adding to the comedy, "Teaching the Young Idea," the Church is threatening to join the Chapel in "passively protesting." Good news for the auctioneers.

Mrs. Knight, one of the released victims of man's tyranny, says she wants "four L's upon earth." This sounds terrific till you learn that she means Love, Liberty, Labour, and Life." She has just got her Liberty; next time she enjoys His Majesty's hospitality, it may mean (hard) Labour; but she must do a lot more before she gets to the "Lifer stage." As for Love—— Will she send her photo?

Dr. Blair, of Bronx, U.S.A., has discovered that only the want of a nose prevents a monkey from talking, and proposes to graft artificial nasal organs on a few unhappy ones. There are likely to be protests from the Smart Set at this threatened addition to their ranks.

We cull this from a morning paper: "Waitress seeks situation; used to quick trade and pocket." This is really too candid.

A labourer was ordered 21 days' hard labour for stealing two penn'orth of pears. He intended to pay for them, but kept forgetting.

At Walton-on-the-Naze a whirlwind blew hundreds of flower pots from windows, and where the pots were securely fastened the wind scooped out the plants and earth. American papers please copy.

The King of Spain was eager and ready to go grousing without any breakfast. Under similar circumstances most men would grumble.

It was bad luck for the captain of the Montagu to be tried before an admiral who was Cross all the time.

Dr. Horton says thousands of Christians and many ministers spend more on tobacco than on mission work. We are glad to hear it.

They seem to be doing pretty well what they like in Russia. They have now suspended "The Twentieth Century."

2,000 *valets* in Rome have decided to let their moustaches grow. They were barefaced enough for anything.

A contemporary says that Miss Billington has a most intelligent and humorous dark eye. We thought she had two.

The Vicar of Yarmouth says it is "mean and shabby" on the part of his congregation that on a recent Sunday they contributed to the collections four thousand copper coins. He may congratulate himself that he did not send round his hat. He might not have got it back.

The Chief Constable of Herefordshire announces that, as a matter of courtesy, he has withdrawn the charge against the chauffeur who ran down the Duke of Connaught's motor. He seems a nice, obliging sort of man.

According to one of the labour members, thousands in the ranks of the workers are as competent to conduct the affairs of the nation as those who sit in the House of Commons to-day. There is no doubt about it.

The Query of one of the silly season controversies is, "What is Westminster Abbey?" A place where people are reminded of those they have forgotten.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS AND "JOHN BULL."

To the Editor of "John Bull."

Sir,—From the remarks made in the issue of your paper of 4th inst., under the heading "Shams," etc., one, if sufficiently credulous, might be led to believe that the so-called prayer there set forth was actually made, as it is put under quotation marks, and that that particular prayer was uttered by Mrs. Eddy at the bedside of a patient. Now it is a fact well known to every Christian Scientist that Mrs. Eddy has taken no patients for years.

I am afraid that the writer of the article has been imposed on by some ignorant, if not wilful, misrepresentation of prayer as understood in Christian Science.

Ridicule and abuse are the offspring of ignorance. The admission made as to the sanity, intelligence, wealth, and culture of the "enormous" number of believers in the teaching of Mrs. Eddy would seem more calculated to lead to inquiry into the truth of this teaching than to an attempt to ridicule and misrepresent it.

There is no privilege a Christian Scientist more highly values than his right to draw near to the "Giver of all good" in prayer, and no duty he regards as more solemn and binding than its regular practice. This prayer is the realisation that God is absolutely perfect, therefore changeless, that He is all-powerful, all-knowing, and ever-present, the only Creator who made all things good; that whatever is not good forms no part of God's creation, and can consequently be no more than a result without a cause—an impossibility. The effect of this prayer is not to change God, the unchangeable, but to change the thoughts and desires of the suppliant, and to fashion them in accordance with God's ideas. Man's problem, then, is not to seek to alter God's plans, but to conform his (man's) will to God's, and to learn that the spiritual alone is the real. Thus man finds that the kingdom of heaven (harmony) is a condition of mind attainable here and now, and that man can help his brother to escape from the bondage of sin and sickness in the very way taught and practised by Jesus. If sin brought sickness, and the sinner can be reformed by "the renewal of mind," why should not sickness, the result of sin, yield to the action of the Divine Mind without resort to drugs or any other material means?—Yours, etc.,

W. N. Miller.

Office of the Publication Committee of the Christian Science Churches in London, 6, Sumner Terrace, South London, S.W., August 10, 1906.

[In reply to the last paragraph of this letter, we would ask, If a Vanguard 'bus knocks a man down and breaks his leg, will the leg set itself and get quite right if the bus is destroyed? As to the "so-called prayer," it is quoted by Dr. Schofield in his "Unconscious Therapeutics," published in 1904, and his authority is the *British Medical Journal*, which says the prayer "is intended for a case of cancer of the stomach, but would doubtless be equally appropriate, *mutatis mutandis*, for the treatment of any other affection."]

S. H. A. (West Bromwich) directs attention to the puffs of patent medicines in *Science Siftings*, and particularly to its laudation of Bile Beans! Our friend must remember that "siftings" are very different to the real thing. Then he asks us to exclude every patent medicine from our advertising columns. We will do so in any case where we have reason to suspect a swindle. But we are not experts—and our printing bill is a heavy one! S. H. A. doesn't like Mother Seigel's Soothing Syrup. We have never tried it, and are too old now to begin.

Doubtful (Paddington) is also anxious to know that certain advertisements appearing in our own columns are genuine. We can only refer him to our reply to S. H. A. (West Bromwich).

W. R. S. (New Cross) is desirous of knowing whether it is true that Messrs. Lyons are in the habit of discharging their waitresses "at the age of 35, as they begin to look unattractive." We really do not know. But of course Lyons and Co. are a commercial institution, and have to consider the tastes of their customers. Frozen meat served up by a simpering waitress of 40 summers doesn't sound very appetising, does it? W. R. S. also directs our attention to the "Moody-Manners season" now running at the Lyric Theatre, and *apropos* to our recent references to the lack of Royal support for British art, says: "Here we have 'Faust,' 'Tannhauser,' 'Lohengrin,' etc., splendidly performed, but no King or Queen or prince or duke." No doubt, as W. R. S. says, these distinguished personages prefer something "made in Germany"—hence they are now "taking the waters."

W. R. (Stoke-on-Trent), H. B. (Hull), and others send letters they have received from the Brahmo Lever Watch Company, addressed to them as "Esteemed friend," with slips containing their signatures attached, and congratulating them on their "good luck" in winning "a splendid Brahmo gold watch—a real beauty—with fine movement, dust resisting case and *hour and minute hand!*" As one of our correspondents remarks, it is not stated whether this wonderful timepiece boasts a dial as well; but "an hour and minute *hand*" is surely a novelty. Imagine one hand pointing the hour and the minutes! Of course, it is the old swindle of the British Watch Company and similar firms. "All you have to do is to send us 6s. 11d. for one of our finest quality Brahmo gold chains to wear with the watch." Not only are the watch and chain together not worth the 6s. 11d., or anything like it—they are worth nothing.

L. C. (West Kensington), and others, continue to complain of Fraser and Co.'s (51, Milton Street, E.C.) "fifteen square" fraud. They point out that the puzzle was "to place *a number* in each of the eight empty squares," and they very rightly point out that

$$\text{"}6+\frac{6+6+6\text{"}}{6+6} \quad \text{or "}1+1+\frac{1\text{ "}}{1+1}$$

can scarcely be described as "a number." They should combine and apply for a summons.

C. P. (Southampton), *apropos* of our recent reference to the *Throne*, calls our attention to an advertisement in the *Morning Post*, offering "400 Ordinary and 400 Moiety shares" for sale, "at a considerable sacrifice." They will be cheaper before long.

C. R. B. (Streatham) says the original of our *Mens Sana* "Bull's-Eye" was the case of a bootmaker outside the Temple, who put up a notice, "*Mens conscia recti*," and was answered by a rival with "*Men's and Women's conscia recti*." They were both snobs.

A. G. (London) thinks it is time that the "Four Just Men" competition scandal was cleared up. So do we. We have seen the *Daily Mail* people about it, and they say it has nothing to do with them, and refer us to the "Tallis Publishing Company." Now, the question is, Has the "Tallis Publishing Company" anything to do with the *Daily Mail*?

Britisher (Putney) doesn't think we ought to apply the term "Protection" to Mr. Chamberlain's policy; and he yearns for a "non-party Party." So do we. We have no desire to do even Mr. Chamberlain (whom it is so fashionable just now to abuse) an injustice, and whenever the fiscal controversy comes to life again, we'll be more careful. In any case, we hope soon to have J. C. back in the arena, strong and fit. A speedy recovery to him—and a bonny grandson!

R. D. C. (Cricklewood) also thinks there has been a little too much anti-Joe in our columns. So it is clear that we must give him a rest. But there are so few live men to go for!

C. K. I. (Fulham) sends us a copy of the *West London and Fulham Times*, containing an account of a temperance function on August Bank Holiday, with a special sub-heading, "Mr. Blaiklock on Drink." We are not sure there is not a printer's error in this sub-title. Should not "on" be "in"?—for Mr. Blaiklock's speech is anything but a sober one. Having observed that there is a devil in every Eden, he refers to the formation of the Anti-Puritan League, and suggests that we should be nominated as its president. We have always maintained that what occurred in the Garden of Eden is the best possible object-lesson against prohibitive legislation.

F. B. (Brixton) complains of the treatment he has received at the hands of the Employers' General Bureau, 96, High Holborn. It is the old story—registration fees paid down in cash, but rarely anything done afterwards.

John Bull's Christmas-Box Scheme—*See Page 2 of Cover.*

H. R. H. (Lavender Hill) calls our attention to the official list of business done during the session—issued by the Liberal Publication Department, and which he thinks disposes of our recent complaint. We are afraid H. R. H. is a novice in Parliamentary matters. Half the measures for which credit is taken were passed *pro forma*, and nearly the whole of them have been non-contentious in character. We were referring to what are known as "first-class" measures, namely, those dealing with great and urgent reforms.

F. J. B. (Birmingham), who has also been molested by those watch swindlers, tells us that during the last Bingley Hall Exhibition at Birmingham, a cycle wheel was placed in front of one of the stalls, and that bicycles were offered to those who guessed the number of times the wheel would revolve within a given period. Our correspondent innocently ventured a guess, and was somewhat surprised to receive a letter a few weeks afterwards, informing him that he had been fortunate enough to win a sovereign, *which was to be used in part payment of a bicycle to be obtained from them.* Like a sensible man, he took no notice of this invitation.

Y. Z. (Cardiff) wants us to address an Open Letter to the Marquis of Bute. Our correspondent thinks the marquis wants "an eye-opener." Things on the estate do not appear to be quite right. Perhaps the marquis will look into them.

F. W. S. (Crossgates) recently filled up an inset advertisement which came to him in a copy of *T.A.T.*, and returned it to the address given, with 2s. 9d., but has heard nothing more of the matter. On the portion of the advertisement he has kept there is no address. Doubtless, if he will communicate with the publisher of *T.A.T.* at 6, West Harding-street, London, E.C., he will obtain the information he desires.

A. B. (Bournemouth) is another who has been asked by Wilmshurst and Co. for £100 deposit, although the firm to whom he had applied for a situation was "The Griffin Advertising Agency, at Bristol."

G. A. (Dundee) is being pestered by the Brahmo Lever Watch Company by means of their old dodge. If he will refer to previous issues he will find their methods fully exposed.

W. L. (Brighton), who is a waiter out of employment, has paid a registration fee to the Licensed Victuallers' Employment Association, 47, Bedford Street, Strand, and agreed to pay a further 5s. when suited; but all he has heard of the matter since is, he says, a further application to fill up another form, involving a payment of 2s. 6d. down and 7s. 6d. when suited. There must be a mistake somewhere.

W. J. S. (Chelsea) agrees with our criticism of Kipling, whom he considers a "Philistine versifier." He was once struck by the phrase, "Lest we forget," till he found it in an old book of poems.

E. H. (Willesden Green) complains that his sister, who is a domestic servant, having sent 10s. 6d. to the Keith-Harvey deafness people, received an ear instrument and some ointment, but they did her no good whatever, and when she wrote them to this effect they replied that she had better send another 7s. 6d., which she did, receiving further "treatment." She, however, got worse, and wrote again, and was told that she must send yet another 7s. 6d., and then they would give her some "stronger ointment." We think it would be much wiser of her to go to the nearest hospital or surgery.

P. C. (Cardiff) has a grievance against a "Money Society" from which his wife claims to be entitled to withdraw the sum of £20. If the facts are as stated, and he will send us the address of the office, we will do our best for him.

W. A. D. (Folkestone) does not like Jim Crow, whose contributions, he thinks, seriously imperil our circulation. We will keep a sharp look-out on Jim, and if he does not mend his manners will dismiss him from the staff.

F. M. B. (Burdett Road), commenting on the recovery by King Alfonso of his lost ring, recalls the interesting legend of two lovers being reunited by means of a similar piece of jewellery being ultimately discovered inside a fish, the happy event leading to the foundation of certain Limehouse charities, and which is duly recorded in the district at the church of St. Dunstan.

O. J. S. M. (Acton Green) tells us of a second-division Admiralty clerk who filed his petition in bankruptcy in 1893, owing about £350, and has never applied for his discharge, or apparently paid anything to his creditors. He, however, remains in his position at a progressive salary, now about £360 a year, and has also received two bonuses of £100 each. The Official Receiver "does not think it necessary" to apply to the Court to attach any portion of this sum, as "a previous application for that purpose has already been refused." We should like to know when such application was made. In any case the two bonuses should undoubtedly have been given up.

H. L. J. (Liscard) ordered at the end of June a copy of a "standard dictionary," at the price of five guineas, to be delivered to him in September. In the middle of July, however, he cancelled the order, but the publishers threaten him with county court proceedings if he does not accept delivery, and state that they have paid the commission on the order. Unless the publishers wrote accepting the order, there is no contract. If they did, then H. L. J. had better offer to refund them the commission they paid, which cannot be a very large sum. This is about all they could obtain by law.

S. B. B. (Chard) thinks that if other papers can manage to live without inserting objectionable "nursing" advertisements, surely the *Daily Telegraph* could do the same. We quite agree. He tells us that JOHN BULL is looked forward to every week in his district, and that its sale is rapidly increasing there.

E. A. (Bourne End) is angry at the tone of a recent reference by one of our contributors to Lord Roberts. He thinks that in dealing with a public servant we ought to be more respectful in our language. And then he goes on to refer to the Prime Minister as "about the most incompetent, prejudiced, ill-conditioned, and indiscreet Minister that ever lived"!

H. E. (Lawrence Lane) says the *Daily Telegraph* was the first paper to expose the origin of "Dr." Clifford's degree.

H. E. H. T. (Chiswick) thinks we lean too much to the Liberal side in politics. Perhaps we do. But we think it is largely a case of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. He also objects to our criticism of the methods of "T.P.," and says we are no more fit to be compared to him than he himself (our correspondent) is to be compared to the Archangel Gabriel. We hope he is right in both his assumptions.

J. R. (Paddington) has accidentally come across a copy of our paper, and is in high glee about it. He thinks that if Diogenes were now alive, he would come to our office and find what he was so long looking for—namely, a man. By-the-way, many people are in the habit of thinking that what the old philosopher said he was looking for was an "honest man"; as a matter of fact, however, his search was of a more comprehensive character than even that. "A man," was his answer, when asked the object of his quest.

H. C. (Poplar) calls our attention to a "snowball" scheme, with the object of collecting one million used penny stamps, which "a philanthropic friend has agreed would be sufficient to build a hospital ward." There is something very vague and mysterious about the whole matter. We will inquire into it.

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS
Drink and Drug Habits Cured at home, in 3 to 7 weeks, by the
Telegrams: Turvert, London. TURVEY TREATMENT Telephone 5484 Gerrard.
Publicly tested before Medical Committee (see Press Report). The Treatment entails no inconvenience and, in addition to entirely eradicating the crave for Alcohol or Drugs, has a most beneficial effect on the patient's health. The *Daily Chronicle* says: "A remarkable success." *Truth* states: "Has had really good effects." Resident patients also taken. Consultations, personal or by letter, without charge. The medicine for each case is prepared by a Qualified English Doctor and can be sent to any part of the world.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED 40-PAGE TREATISE (FREE), OR CALL.
Med. Supt., TURVEY TREATMENT CO., Ltd., 68, AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON.

"REVEILLE" PILLS

(Popular English pronunciation—RE-VALLEY.)

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

A POSITIVE CURE for

CONSTIPATION,
INDIGESTION,
BILIOUSNESS,
HEADACHE,
SICKNESS,
ANÆMIA,
SLEEPLESSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA,
ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

THE MOST RELIABLE PILL IN THE WORLD.

"**REVEILLE**" **PILLS** are sold by most chemists at **1/1½** and **2/9** per box. If you have any difficulty in obtaining "Reveille" Pills, send P.O. to the Proprietors, and a box will be sent by return, post paid.

FREE SAMPLE.

Name .....

Address .....

J.B.—1d stamp to be enclosed for postage.

THE ALEXANDER MANUFACTURING Co., Ltd., 11, Queen Victoria Street, **LONDON, E.C.**

FREE DEEDS.
NO LAW COSTS.
NO SURVEY FEES.

IN KENT, THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

200 yards from **MAIN LINE STATION**, and about an **HOUR** from **LONDON**.
Every reader of **JOHN BULL** has the splendid opportunity of

BECOMING A FREEHOLDER FOR 5/-.

He can also have

A PRETTY WEEK END BUNGALOW FOR £105.

Write for full particulars of above and large illustrated book of estates in eleven different counties, or call

HOMESTEADS LTD. (D.), 27, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. LOTINGA.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Is it so now?

A dozen years ago amateur jockeys—many of them leading trainers at the present time—used to bet heavily—and openly.

Sport Repeats Itself.

It is remarkably noticeable how all our big sporting scenes, racing, aquatic, cricket, or others, are all absolutely alike so that a description of one Derby would truthfully depict the next—or the preceding one—and so on ad lib. in every sphere.

You Can't Please All.

I have heard some owners complain of the premature fixing of the order of running, although pretty generally one does like to know the time arrangements, as it gives those who have a claim as to the order of running no chance of properly deciding should they have a horse dually engaged.

Ambiguous.

It is generally accepted that the fact of the very heavy betting upon Piari, and his market position, clinched the matter unfavourably against Mr. De Wend Fenton in the Sandown match, which will shortly form the subject of a law court libel action. Yet, if governed by strict racing law, how could it influence the stewards, seeing that they do not recognise betting? Wasn't it recognised in this case?

Foreign Improvements.

Racing in Austria-Hungary is very much superior to that in Germany, and even better managed in many ways than our sport here. Apprentice allowances, for instance, can only be claimed in races of less value than 150 sovs., and even then never in handicaps. On every racecourse there is an enclosure for the placed horses in front of the weighing-room, as also, in close proximity thereto, an electric number board.

"The" Game.

What to do with our boys has long been a despairing cry, but for "obtaining" (I won't say "making") money ad lib., and living on the public at an abnormal rate, there can be no question—let them open swindling s.p. offices. No capital is necessary—merely a heart of stone, a little brain to suggest "excuses" or write specious lying letters, and then thank the English law for its protection of their welfare.

Any Odds—if they Lose.

Notice how liberal bookmakers are in returning prices against horses that have lost. A 20 to 1 chance is given its full price when "down the course." Had it won, of course, it would have been urged that "there was money for it" at "ten's," or at the outside it would be among the 100 to 8 others. Ten points is nothing—if they haven't come up.

"Looks" no use to them.

Some racegoers almost live in the paddock—others consider such an enclosure superfluous and a nuisance, arguing that in it they are prone to receive too many shockingly bad tips, whilst in the ring the money usually speaks truly.

Only Appreciated by the Executive.

Backers—professional and amateur—and especially commission agents, hate crowded meetings like Ascot, Epsom, or Bank Holidays, where it is simply impossible to move about among the crowd to follow the money, to ascertain the proper market prices, or to obtain top odds. At these very big functions, too, one can never get away from the throng, whether it be in ring, paddock, train, or en route. It is all bustle and squash—hampering one in their work and maddening them in temper.

Regulations Needed.

There should be some definite rule regarding the nomenclature of horses. At present we have two or three competitors bearing the name of old-time famous performers, and yet, on the other hand, in a certain case recently, when a quite out-of-the-way name was required for a two-year-old, the official reply was that the name had been registered, although no horse carrying it had competed within the last twenty years. The officials were unable to say when the name had been adopted, or who the owner was.

THE BACKERS' DIRECTORY.

G. F. SMITH,
Telegraphic Address:
"TIMIDITY, LONDON."

W. H. SAUNDERS'
Telegraphic Address is
"PLASTERING, LONDON."

TRACE AND PERCY,
8, REGENT ST., LONDON, S.W.
Every description of business undertaken. Advantageous terms post free on Application.
"LARRY LYNX," in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to straightforwardness and accuracy.

Established over fifty years.
ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK & CO.,
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
"The Turf Record"
contains latest market movements on St. Leger, Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, &c., Double and treble events.
Write for Terms.

THOMAS HENRY DEY,
TURF COMMISSION AGENT,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.
The most liberal terms of any responsible bookmaker in the world.
Neatly bound note-book and book of rules, and copy of the most up-to-date and comprehensive price list published, gratis and post free on receipt of name and address. A £25,000 Double Event book on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, the covering money being deposited in Consols.
NO Deductions and NO Commission.
All particulars free on application to THOMAS HENRY DEY, Middelburg, Holland.

W. G. MORTIMER,
51, LEXINGTON STREET,
REGENT STREET, W.
Best Terms. Particulars Free.
Established 1876.

COULSON & CO.,
19, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON.
Weekly credit accounts opened on approved references only.
Telegraphic Address:
"GENEROUS, BRIGHTON."

Telegraphic Address:
"IRISHMAN, LONDON."
Telephone: No. 5072 GERRARD.
E. C. IRISH,
OXFORD CLUB,
7, ARGYLL STREET, W.

A. E. ASTON & CO.,
24, CHELTENHAM MOUNT,
HARROGATE.
Telegraphic Address:
"AJAX, HARROGATE."
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Are they supposed to See.

It is a continuous and an old cry among owners—and trainers in particular—that the necessity of attending to their work in weighing out and saddling horses for big races invariably prevents them having anything like an adequate view of the running. More especially is this so at the old-fashioned meetings like Epsom, where before they can possibly have time to get back to the stands every conceivable position of vantage has long been occupied. As instance of this, Waugh, who ran the third Troutbeck, and Alec Taylor, whose Sancy was one of the favourites, never saw a single stride of the Derby contested. For owners and trainers, particularly the former, who are so heavily mulcted in outrageous charges—much fuller provision should be made, with a separate portion of the stands for their own distinct use. At Newbury, for instance, no one could complain of lack of accommodation, or of their own individual provinces being encroached upon by outsiders.

Sportsmen Roused.

As the outcome of the continuous faddists' agitation against all classes of sport, and the certainty of further action by those whose opinion, or business, it is to suppress sport, more particularly racing, it is proposed to form an association for the mutual protection of all sportsmen, particularly those interested in racing. The necessity of such society is obvious, and it is absolutely necessary that some measures should be immediately taken to secure united action to meet these insidious attacks. The proposed association further proposes to suppress any present existing evils attaching to sport when made the medium solely of speculation.

It is admitted that the undesirable element who make the sport the means of preying on the public have brought disrepute upon those engaged in racing legitimately. It is, therefore, with the object of remedying this state of affairs, and at the same time exerting the utmost pressure to procure better and much-needed legislation upon these matters that such an amalgamation becomes essential.

The confidence in the immediate and subsequent complete success of the association is thoroughly justified, and it deserves, and will obtain, the whole-hearted support of every well-known sportsman who is considerate of the good of sport and jealous of his hobby.

The Champion Jockey.

It is pretty well assured that Higgs, who has been riding better than ever this season, will head the list of jockeys this year, vice Wheatley and Madden, who were in front of him last season, but nevertheless the Irish horseman's jump to the front has been meteoric, as is usually the case with all jockeys both in coming and going, in turn. Higgs—whose stable nickname was "Manch"—has certainly come to the front with startling rapidity, and although it cannot be said that he never rides a bad race, it is true that he almost invariably rides a good one—especially in a hammer-and-tongs finish which needs powerful horsemanship. Higgs served his time with the late J. Chandler, and has gone through the very roughest experiences of the stable; in fact, but for Chandler's kindly nature, we might never have known of Higgs, who was so sick of the game that he once ran away from Lambourne for a while, and determined to give up stable life. He certainly had very few chances then, although Chandler always considered him a fine horseman. Higgs had to go to Ireland to begin at the bottom of the ladder. Physically he is built for a jockey more of what we used to consider of the old-fashioned style, but he is very lithe, short, and small framed, so that he is never likely to have quite the trouble of the 8 st. 7 lbs. men in keeping down his weight. Only two years ago he was utterly unknown here, but his chances came quickly, and he now certainly rides more favourites in handicaps than any other jockeys—due to his handy weight and the fact that the stables for which he rides—particularly Darling's—lay themselves out almost solely for that game. Higgs is a married man and a father, who has lived since he has been in England at Heddington, near Calne (Wilts.). His introduction here was due to the Irish solicitor, Mr. J. C. Sullivan, who was, and still is, his first master, and who is so lucky in Ebor Handicaps and Cambridgeshires. Backers like Higgs to be on their pick, for they know he can get to the bottom of the laziest horse, but by having his whip up continually and such a long way from home, he gives them many and many a "fright," whatever the eventual result.

On the Downs.

As to healthfulness and picturesqueness, I do not think many race grounds can beat Lewes, whose sloping downs used in the long races on the far side opposite the stand always remind me partly of Folkestone, but more especially of Goodwood. It is an easy, and yet a funny course, upon which not every horse can act, while a good percentage of the races are welters, in which we occasionally, as last week, see a good horse, such as Velocity, essaying a distance out of his usual run, and opposed by two or three crocks, selling platers, or even jumpers who are trained locally, and therefore run more for the fun of the thing at a minimum of expense, or to give their "bumper," owner, or his friend a ride. It is always a bad betting card, as in Velocity's case, extreme odds being laid upon one horse or other—usually Mr. George Thursby's mounts. He and Mr. Lushington ride nearly all the favourites, something at odds on every time, and they are not infrequently upset by some "impossible" horse at any price. But it is not what backers or spectators want to have—one horse at long odds on, and a case of probably 100 to 6 bar one. The Lewes race stands—absolutely isolated except at race time—are occupied all the year round by a resident caretaker—about as silent a post as a light-house keepers.

Who knows Best?

The fact that so many horses now need attendants at post, special treatment under the gate, or to wear the latest "blinders" so that they do not see the tape, surely suggests that, apart from all these necessary evils as accessories, there may be a better or more simple means of bringing about better starts, less delay, and less manipulation to such end. Just as the Government will not see the need of recognising and regulating betting, so do the Jockey Club, apparently in ostrich fashion, obstinately disdain conviction to give a trial to other means, or even move from their stolid, unreasonable attitude. Surely those who are most concerned and most in the game know best what the actual needs are? Why not, then, get the opinion of all owners, trainers, etc., and take the view of the majority—or, anyhow, give it a trial?

TO PHYLLIS.

If thou should'st ask what I would choose
If I my mortal state might lose,
Beloved, I would be
The rose that's op'ning on thy dress,
So near thy fragrant loveliness;
Or girdle clasping thee.

Vera Canute.

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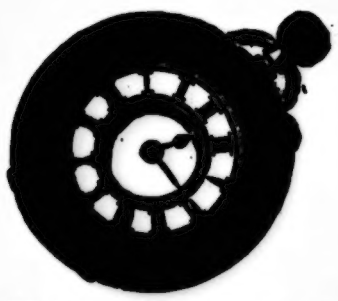

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